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A. D. PATERSON,

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STANZAS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Farewell life ! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim :
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapor chill ;
Strong the earthly odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome Life ! the Spirit strives !
Strength returns and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold !

April, 1845.

WHAT IS HEAVEN.

THE SONG OF CLARA, IN BAILEY'S "FESTUS."

Is Heaven a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand ?
Like childhood's rosy dazzling dreams
Of some far fairy land ?
Is Heaven a clime where diamond dews
Glitter on fadeless flowers ?
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bower ?

Ah no ; not such, not such is Heaven !
Surpassing far all these :
Such cannot be the guerdon given
Man's wearied soul to please.
For saint and sinner here below
Such vain to have proved :
And the pure spirit will despise ;
Whate'er the sense has loved.

There we shall dwell with Sire and Son ;
And with the mother maid ;
And with the Holy Spirit, one :
In glory like arrayed :
And not to one created thing
Shall our embrace be given ;
But all our joy shall be in God ;
For only God is Heaven !

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

THE ROBBER AND THE ALCADE.

The object of my journey to Tubac was now attained. I had seen the last remains of those primitive customs, still existing in some parts of the republic, but which are gradually dying away under the influence of that bastard kind of civilisation which is spreading through Mexico. It was now time to think of regaining more central regions.

A few days after my arrival at Tubac, a caravan of arrieros set out towards the south ; I joined them, fully convinced that I had now completely ended my career of adventures. I was mistaken in fancying that I should never again have occasion to study some types of that barbarous state which still exists in Mexico in the midst of the so-called civilised society. Amongst the singular types which had in turns appeared before me, there was one, the salteador, or highwayman, of which I had lately caught a glimpse, and which I was to have an opportunity of beholding, so to speak, in open day. The sinister personage who had narrated his adventure to me and the bison-hunters, had taught me how the existence of a brigand commences in Mexico ; the same man was, a few days later, to teach me how it terminates. It is not by hanging, as one might be tempted to suppose. He who has begun by struggling against the judges, usually ends by making an amicable arrangement with them, and often by dictating to them. Such is the comic conclusion of more than one dark tragedy.

I must first say a few words respecting my travelling companion, a fellow-countryman of mine, whom chance appeared to send expressly to shew me, after the fatigues of my perilous excursion, dangers which hitherto I had not suspected.

On the third evening of our journey, we were encamped near a tributary rivulet of the Rio Bacuache. Loud bursts of laughter drew me to the bank of the stream, where the wives of some arrieros were washing their husbands' calzoncillos. A man, whose sunburnt countenance wore a thoroughly French expression of frankness and gaiety, was joking with the washerwomen, and the general hilarity was amply justified by the Parisian lisp with which he pronounced the Mexican language. It may be supposed that an acquaintance was soon made between the Parisian and myself.

M. D.— was travelling through Mexico on foot ; he travelled thus from taste, and knowing that in that country contempt is felt for whoever is not a rider, he had bought a horse, but only rode it through towns or villages. The rest of the time he led his horse by the bridle. My new companion was the son of a manufacturer in Paris, who, when on the eve of a rich marriage, had

recoiled from the engagement he was about to contract. He had left Paris rather than lose his liberty.

During six years he had wandered over South, as well as North America, hawking from house to house a few small articles of merchandise, on the produce of which he lived. Moderate, patient, resigned, intrepid enough to travel alone from one end of America to the other, with no desire for an easier life, endowed with moral courage equal to his physical strength, too proud to hold out his hand when in adversity, sufficiently generous to open it when fortunate, —in short, uniting by a singular mixture the narrowness of commercial ideas with which our nation has been sometimes reproached, with its chivalrous instincts,—such was the man with whom chance brought me acquainted in the wilds of Mexico.

This type is less rare in America than might be supposed. M. D.—, at the time I met him, was in the service of a French house that wished to turn his practical knowledge of affairs to account. His business called him to the celebrated annual fair of San Juan de los Lagos. This itinerary falling in with my own, it was settled we should travel together. I made one condition, however, which was, that M. D.— should, for my sake, alter his habits and travel on horse-back. The condition was cheerfully agreed to, and the day after our meeting we departed, after taking leave of the arrieros, and determined to hasten so as not to miss the opening of the fair of San Juan.

In the company of M. D.— I again saw Arispe, Hermosillo, and Guaymas, where I once more took ship. From the deck of the balandre, which bore me away I saluted the coast of California, which rose before me like a bluish vapour ; I saw the waves foam against the breakers of the islands of Cerralbo and Espiritu-Santo ; then, from the heights of San Blas, I gazed an adieu to that blue sea which I had traversed for the last time, and the blue of which was beginning to be disturbed by the first breezes of the cordonazo, and the first clouds of October.

Violent gusts of wind, forerunners of the storms which pass over the Gulf, bowed the heads of trees. The sun dried up the vapours, which were soon to fall in the shape of violent rain. Sickness and death seemed ready to fall on the city, which looked more melancholy, more desolate than ever ; for, at the approach of the rainy season, the periodical migration of most of the inhabitants takes place.

We soon reached Tepic, a town containing about 20,000 inhabitants, and which, owing to its mild temperature, rears itself like a green and ever-fresh platform above the scorched sands of San Blas.

In three days we cleared the sixty leagues which separate Tepic from Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco, a city containing 150,000 inhabitants, and celebrated throughout the republic for its manufactures and the skill of its children in handling the knife ; we then took a road across the country to reach San Juan.

In these roads the scene is changed. No longer do we see occasional travellers appearing at long distances amid the deserts ; interminable files of mules encumber the roads ; heavy carts with creaking axletrees, drawn by oxen, stir up the dust ; the salteadores, half veiled by silken handkerchiefs, await the prey which has been pointed out to them, and exchange salutations of disinterested courtesy with travellers free from baggage.

You feel that life circulates with more activity through the various limbs of the great body which composes the republic ; but dangers hitherto unknown now threaten you. Crosses telling of murders are raised here and there, melancholy stories are related to you in the inns ; and the narrator, who watches you closely, endeavours to guess from the expression of your countenance whether or no he shall denounce you to the bandits, whose scout he is ; moreover, you have to endure Mexican hospitality with its inevitable accompaniments of want and dirt.

Every one of the disagreeables I have just enumerated seemed, so to speak, to group themselves round us in the venta where we alighted the day before our arrival at San Juan de los Lagos. At about five o'clock in the evening, after nearly twelve hours spent on horseback, and amid torrents of rain, we had perceived the white walls and red tiles of this isolated venta through a cloud of mist.

M. E.— instantly rode on to insure us a supper and shelter in this wretched abode. A word, in passing, on the formalities of introduction to the posadas of Mexico. You penetrate without obstacle into the square yard of the inn, upon which all the ground-floor rooms, destined for travellers, open. Generally, the master of the inn, the hueped, either absent, or busy in a distant stable settling his accounts for forage on a dirty bit of paper, does not answer you. The new-comer has nothing better left him than to take, on horseback, a survey of all the rooms, the doors of which remain open, and choose the one he likes best. Your choice is soon made, for the furniture is exactly the same in each ; a bench, a wooden table, a stone bed, and that is all. The price does not vary either ; it is fixed at a real (sixpence) a-day. You then unsaddle your horse, whilst waiting for the hueped, who arrives at last, and who, finding you seated, grumbles at not having been consulted ; after which you busy yourself about your horse's food ; and this ended, you think of yourself and ask for some supper. Then fresh tribulations await you ; for, should the host be in an ill temper, or your manners have displeased him, you run the risk of getting nothing but denials, or at the utmost, the leavings of the various dishes. It must be owned that these free-and-easy ways towards travellers do not exceed a certain limit in towns where posadas are numerous ; but in the ventas, protected by their isolation from rivalry, they become an insupportable necessity.

Just as I had obtained an indifferent supper by dint of entreaty, and after receiving many rebuffs, an unusual movement took place in the venta. A heavy travelling-carriage, drawn by eight mules, had entered the yard. The body

was shot through and through, and looked as if it had served as a mark for the roadsmen's rifles. A horseman, from whose steed flowed torrents of blood, preceded the lumbering carriage. A traveller, almost dead, was with difficulty dragged out of the interior, which was carefully locked. The unoccupied hussard, who was walking about the yard whistling, went out to welcome the new comers.

As night was approaching, the doors of the *venta* were closed by an iron chain, and I was enabled to learn from the horseman who accompanied the carriage the solution of this fearful enigma. His master, the dying traveller who had just been carried into a neighbouring room, had left Mexico in order to establish a gambling-table at San Juan. The strong box in the carriage contained 30,000 piasters in gold and silver. A few leagues from the inn they had been attacked, wounded, and despoiled by robbers. According to the narrator, some gamblers, in the habit of frequenting his master's bank at Mexico, informed of the object of their journey, had followed them from *venta* to *venta*, from mesan to mesan, and betrayed them to the highwaymen who had pillaged them.

"I confide this to you under the seal of secrecy," added the cavalier; "for an additional misfortune might befall us if the news of our disaster were to reach the ears of justice: the intervention of the alcade would complete our ruin."

This fear did not in the least surprise me, so great is the terror which Mexico justice inspires to those it pretends to protect. I, therefore, promised the horseman to be silent, and he left us to attend on his master.

M. D.—, who was present at this conversation, had great difficulty in containing his indignation. Armed with the experience which a long sojourn in the republic had given me, I in vain endeavoured to make him understand that the federal government not paying the judges, the latter were compelled to live at the expense of the litigants, who, in their turn, had but little taste for this interested intervention. This was not however, the only proof M. D.— was to give me of his melancholy ignorance of Mexican jurisprudence. This meeting in the inn was but the forerunner of scenes less tragical, but in which, M. D.—figured, not as a witness, but as an involuntary actor.

The villa* of San Juan de los Lagos, where we arrived after a ten days' journey, is built at the bottom of a circular basin, of such depth, that at a distance it is difficult to see the summit of the two towers of its cathedral. As to the villa, it can only be guessed at, except from the summit of the steep embankment which surrounds it on all sides. The population of San Juan consists in reality of a few thousand inhabitants; but every year, in the month of December, the fair is held there; a fair celebrated throughout the republic, and which draws there nearly 30,000 strangers, who lodge as they can. Most of them encamp on the heights which overlook the town; for the shops, inns, and even the sheds, are let at an exorbitant price during the fortnight the fair lasts.

The origin of this fair was originally purely religious. Our Lady of Saint John of the Lakes was in great renown for the miracles of all kinds which she wrought, whether for the cure of the most incurable infirmities, or the quieting of the most despairing consciences. A pilgrimage to San Juan, accompanied by rich offerings, did not suffice in the latter case to obtain the desired result. The penitent was, moreover, to descend on his knees the steep leading to the place, cross this, and ascend the twelve steps of the cathedral; there he had to wait before the porch, with bleeding knees, until the priest received the offering and gave him absolution. Now, although the religious character of this fair has partly disappeared, one may still see several times a day some unhappy beings buying in this way forgiveness of the crimes that stain them. This penitence, it will easily be understood, must in time render consciences as callous as knees. This does not prevent the Mexican population from testifying great interest for those who undertake it, and spreading carpets, cloaks, and sarapes on the path of the penitents. It is easy to explain how, in the long run, the pilgrimage of San Juan was turned into a fair. Merchants were not long in coming to cheat the penitents, whose numbers were large; gamblers came to cheat the merchants; poor Indians came to have their fowls, donkeys, and dogs, blessed at San Juan.

Thieves came in their turn to lay penitents, merchants, gamblers, and Indians under contribution; and a cloud of courtesans fell, like devouring locusts, upon this medley of dupes and cheats. Such was the origin of the present fair.

Innumerable affairs are decided in this collection of idle people—lost women, gamblers, and thieves; and such is the constant danger of this crowd, that the merchants only trade, literally speaking, with a sword and pistol in one hand, and their merchandise in the other.

The environs of the town, scoured in every direction by wandering hordes of *rateros** and *salteadores*, do not offer more security than its interior; woe to the small tradesmen, to the solitary pilgrims, whom their evil star delivers up to those avid wretches!

In the evening, when the *oracion* has rung, the shops are carefully barricaded; and whilst the merchants calculate their receipts, the town remains in the hands of the gamblers, courtesans, and thieves, who, in this fanatical country, do not stop even at sacrilege.

Such was the town, in which a singular misfortune which befel my travelling companion forced me to prolong my stay. I have mentioned that the Parisian, after leading from preference, for a long while, the life of a wandering merchant, had become the *charge d'affaires* of a large house of business. Unfortunately M. D.—had not yet had time to become familiar with his new part, and he brought with him to San Juan a cargo of small merchandise, which he hoped to dispose of advantageously. He had never visited certain states of Mexico, where, notwithstanding the efforts of European diplomacy, selling by retail is interdicted to foreigners; he was ignorant of this vexatious law being in force at San Juan. Acting in consequence, he had soon sold to good advantage a portion of his retail commodities. When he told me the result of his first operations, I admonished him of the danger he ran by prolonging them. It was already too late. Information had been laid against M. D.—.

Spanish justice, with a celerity worthy of the Eastern cadi, condemned the poor merchant, without even hearing him, to the confiscation of all his ready money, to eighteen months' forced labour at the Laguna of Chapala; and a writ was instantly issued against the delinquent. In presence of this sentence, which would quickly be carried into execution, the best thing to be done was, firstly, to withdraw from the rapacity of justice all that might be seized; secondly, to ensure himself a sort of *habeas corpus*, or personal safe-conduct. I put myself at M. D.—'s orders, to smooth for him the steps demanded by his

* The name of *villa* is given to every town not possessing a *congress*. All possessing one have a right to the name of *caudad* (city).

† Thieves in a small way, robbers on foot: the opposite of *salteadores*.

critical position. My companion had expedited to the assessor of La Barca, a small town at forty leagues from San Juan, an express, mounted on the best of my two horses, to solicit the indispensable safe-conduct. M. D.—'s liberty and fortune depended on the messenger's fidelity. I went daily myself on the road to await the envoy's return. At last he arrived, and gave me the safe-conduct; but, by a singular fatality, the very day on which I returned to San Juan, the bearer of this good news, M. D.—had been incarcerated—the safe conduct had arrived an hour too late. I was, therefore, obliged to address myself to the alcade of San Juan, to request my countryman's liberation.

I had already several times had dealings with the alcades of Mexico; and each time the unexpectedness of their decisions, the naivete of their sentences, and the bonhomie of their acts of injustice, had been fresh subjects of surprise to me. I confess, however, that as I walked towards the dwelling of the alcade of San Juan, I by no means expected the new revelations of Mexican manners which this interview was about to procure for me. When I was introduced into the shed which served as an audience-hall, a visitor was already with the alcade. Indolently reclining on a *butaca*,* this visitor wore the rich and picturesque Mexican costume † in all its splendour; his clothes abounded in gold, velvet, and silk; his embroidered riding-boots were certainly worth more than £16., and the rest was of corresponding splendour. My surprise may be conceived when I recognised in this magnificently equipped person the mysterious outlaw of the savannahs of Tubac. My first impulse was an exclamation of surprise; but I restrained myself, and waited until the bandit should choose to recognise me of his own accord; but his face remained as impassible as mine. He and the alcade were smoking cigarettes; an evident intimacy existed between them. The only difference was, that the alcade, doubtless from respect to his guest, was seated on a simple stool made of rushes.

"Senor alcade," said I, "I have the honour of kissing your lordship's hands, and of requesting your attention to this paper; but, perhaps, notwithstanding the urgency of the affair which brings me, I am disturbing you!"

"By no means," said the alcade holding out his hand to me; "this cavalier and I were only engaged in a little friendly conversation."

The alcade glanced over the safe-conduct I had presented to him, and returned it to me at the end of a few minutes, saying,—

"I am sorry, but you are too late; the cavalier whose name is mentioned in this paper, is already in prison."

"I am aware of it," I replied; "but it is a mistake."

"And how long has Justice made mistakes?" retorted the alcade in a solemn tone.

In my reply I took care to acknowledge the infallibility of Mexican justice, and urged M. D.—'s being set at liberty.

"It is impossible," obstinately replied the magistrate. "Listen to my reasons."

"The date of this safe-conduct is ulterior to the arrest of your countryman, therefore the latter is legally imprisoned; and, notwithstanding your wishes, I cannot now put you in his place. All I can do for you is to send you to join him."

I was doing my utmost to persuade the alcade of the real object of my conduct, when the person with the gold lace interfered.

"Senor alcade," said he, "you mistake this cavalier's intentions: his wish is to deliver his countryman, not to be imprisoned in his stead, or in his company. That is another mistake of your alguazils, whose wages you ought to stop."

"There must first of all be wages to pay," murmured the alcade. "I can throw people into prison, but I cannot let any out. As to my alguazils, I have given them carte blanche to imprison those who should appear suspicious, and at a piaster a-head, which, be it understood, is paid by the prisoner—their earnings are not to be despised during fair time. This mode of paying them is of my invention," added the alcade, proudly.

The outlaw's face lowered.

"Ah, this plan is of your invention!" said he. "Then I am not surprised that in their ardour they arrested the Zurdo ‡ and the Santucho,§ whilst they were engaged in their devotions."

"What!" stammered out the bewildered alcalde, "are those persons of your acquaintance?"

"Yes; and I was about to mention them when this cavalier," said he, pointing to me, "arrived. May I know the crime of which they have been guilty?"

"I should be puzzled," said the alcade, who seemed reflecting on the means of justifying himself, "to state the precise facts; but such rascals!"

"Well, and what else?" interrupted the outlaw, with a sinister smile, which seemed to freeze the alcade.

"Well, then, my alguazils judiciously thought that two men who descended the steep of San Juan on their knees daily could only be men stained with crimes; and they arrested them under that conviction."

"To gain two piasters. Senor alcade, the Zurdo and the Santucho are as pure as snow."

"It is true," said the alcade, who seemed only to have argued for form's sake, "we are in a town renowned for its miracles."

"The first," continued the salteador, "has long ago completed all necessary penances for the past, and his kneeling pilgrimages were only made to place him a little in advance."

"As to the Santucho, he finds expiating the sins of others a lucrative speculation, and he has plenty of business of the sort to do. You will approve, I hope, of my taking the necessary measures for restoring to liberty such commendable penitents!"

"Certainly!" replied the alcade. "I shall be most grateful to you."

"As to you, senor," added the outlaw, "if you will have recourse to my protection, I may also be able to assist your countryman."

Converted by the example of the alcade, I replied to this offer by a courteous inclination of the head.

"On one condition, however: this release will cost you a hundred piasters. Accept or not, as you please; you can reflect on it. It is the cost of a journey to the assessor; if this price suits you, you have only to call on me with your answer to-night at ten o'clock."

I did not think right to accept at once, and promised my formidable protector to call on him where he mentioned, if I determined on making the sacrifice. The outlaw retired almost immediately.

* Leather rocking arm-chair.

† A complete Mexican dress, including a horse's harness and trappings, is worth from £400 to £600.

‡ The Hypocrite.

§ The Left handed.

"Is he a nobleman?" I then asked the alcade, hoping to gather some new information on the position of the fugitive from Tubac.

"He is a cattle-merchant," replied the alcade, in a loud voice. Then, after a few moments' silence, he added in a whisper,—

"He is occasionally the leader of a band."

"Leader of a band of what?"

"Caramba! of highwaymen. I tell it you because you will know it this evening; and there is no indiscretion in my doing so, otherwise I might lose the good-will he has always shewn me, for, as you have seen, he condescends to treat me as his equal."

"That is honor for you, senor alcade!"

I beheld with an astonishment, almost approaching stupefaction, this magistrate seeming to take merit to himself for the brigand's good-will. In the state of impotence to which justice is reduced in Mexico, such an anomaly is but too frequent. A longer conversation was useless; the judge was powerless, the brigand all powerful. I retired, bowing courteously to the alcade, whom I had not found less piquant than his colleagues of my acquaintance.

At my inn I received a message from M. D—, who sent it from the depths of his prison. My poor companion spoke of mysterious offers which had been made him; some one had promised to set him at liberty on consideration of a hundred piasters. I recognised the intervention of the alcade's protector and determined to go to him at once.

The *oracion* had just rung, and night had closed in when I traversed the chief square on my way to the spot pointed out by the pretended cattle-merchant.

The salteador had pitched his tent on one of the heights overlooking the town, and close to the cathedral. I was well armed, and the distance not very great. I soon left behind me the noisy crowd of pedestrians, and ascended the hill, the summit of which was covered with fires lighted at various distances; I soon reached the tent which had been indicated to me, and which was easily recognised by the long white streamer flying above it. A multitude of huts were grouped round this tent; *recuas** of mules scattered along the species of streets formed by the tents or huts, great heaps of *aparejos* belonging to the beasts of burden, indicated the encampments of muleteers. Kitchens and gambling-tables in the open air, attracted the overplus of the savage population which crowded up the market-place; and this spot represented in miniature the town of San Juan itself.

At my feet, under a dome of smoke which ascended to me, a new town seemed to arise within the ancient one—a town composed of huts, tents made of foliage or of stuff, ornamented with blankets of the most brilliant colours. Through the openings the wind made in this canopy of fuliginous vapours, I saw floating in the air the large flags belonging to the gambling-houses, with their inscriptions in large white letters, *Aqui hay partida*. These movable dwellings were as close together as the tents of a camp. Pyramidal heaps of every fruit of the tropics were placed here and there, to tempt the sensuality of the crowd. By the side of these many-coloured pyramids, gigantic radishes, artistically carved into bouquets, suns, or plumes of feathers, towered above the stoves in which nameless stews were cooking in the hissing fat.

In the spaces left vacant for the circulation of the crowd, wandered, proudly, folded in their rags, the *leperos*,—those Mexican lazaroni whose lives are spent in robbing, gambling, and alternately handling the mandolin and the knife. Some seated round a cloth stretched on the ground, were trying their fortunes at *monte*, under the auspices of a scarred banker, and ready to appeal with the knife against an obstinate vein of ill luck; others crowded round the entrances of privileged tents, in which the tinkling of gold was mingled with the noise of a discordant orchestra. The laced cloaks of the *rancheros* were seen by the side of the torn blankets and many-coloured garments of the muleteers, and groups of half-naked Indians wandered silently amidst this noisy crowd. Further on, in the darker streets, only faintly illuminated by the distant glow of the fires, there shone in the darkness the gold, spangles, and silks of the courtesans, whilst a few yards from them glittered the naked swords of the paid protectors of these easy loves. In the streets which were deserted and darkened by the shadows of the cathedral towers, the lanterns of the night-watchers and the torches of the mounted watch by turns appeared and vanished. A thousand strange, confused noises, the detonation of fire-arms, cries, songs, the clash of the castanets, shrieks of joy or anguish, rose like a terrific concert from this town, completely devoted for a few days to robbery, murder, and debauchery.

A dozen horses, ready saddled and bridled, were fastened to pickets before the hut where the salteador awaited me. A man, seated on a stone near the door, put down the guitar he held in his hand, and ceased a melancholy ballad he was singing, to ask me if I wanted the proprietor of the hut. On my replying in the affirmative, he lifted up a leather door, and invited me to enter. I confess that it required my experience of Mexican customs, and the indifference acquired in an adventurous life, to reassure me at this moment. The salteador was taking his chocolate; he was alone.

"I expected your visit; perhaps, even for your friend's sake, you should have made it earlier," said he. "You are welcome: consider yourself at home."

I thanked him for his politeness.

"I do not ask you the motives of your journey to San Juan," continued the salteador; "I might have inquired them of you elsewhere."

"Where was that?"

"In the plains of Tubac. Have you no memory for faces?"

"No, indeed. Although, according to you, I have already had the pleasure of meeting you, it is in vain I endeavor to remember your features; and I shall certainly have forgotten them to-morrow."

"That is a prudent answer, and a line of conduct from which you will do well not to swerve unnecessarily; but longer dissembling on your part would be offensive to an old acquaintance," he added, in a tone full of cordiality. "You may now acknowledge me fearlessly. Have you not seen me heard Justice in its sanctuary?"

I could not help smiling at the remembrance of the scene I had witnessed in the morning. The leader of *cuadrilla* continued, with an air of scorn,—

"But, after all, what is it to make a miserable alcade tremble? More powerful judges will have their turn. But I told you that, perhaps, one day you would be glad to remind me that we had shared the hospitality of the same hearth; must I then assist your memory? Is the day come?"

I then reminded the salteador of the offer he had made me in the morning, and announced myself ready to accept his intervention in favour of my friend, in consideration of a hundred piasters, which I would pay when M. D— should have joined me. The salteador allowed me to speak, with a smile which seemed to signify that I told him nothing new. When I had ended,—

"I know all this business," said he; "I know it better than you do yourself. A flaw in form has alone prevented the seizure of your friend's goods. It is to this flaw that he owes the assessor's safe-conduct, but from one moment to another the obstacle which restrains the course of justice may be removed. Supposing your friend were to leave his prison to-day, and avoid by flight the sentence which condemns him, he will not then be in safety, for a sentence of outlawry will pursue him, and may reach him from one end of the republic to the other. What must be done is to stop the course of justice in time. At the moment I am speaking a courier is on the road bringing the order of immediate seizure: one person alone can stop that courier."

"And who will be that person?"

"Myself," replied the roadsman, "on condition of a ransom."

"You! But I have no money."

I did not venture to betray the distrust which prevented my paying the ransom beforehand. The salteador seemed to read my thoughts.

"To prove to you my good faith," said he, "I will content myself with your word; you shall only pay me for my services on the regular proofs of an entire and complete *indulto*. You will count down seven hundred piasters to the person who shall bring it you. Your affair," continued the roadsman, "is almost my own. The man who denounced you is one of my band, and is precisely the wretch surnamed Santucho, of whom I spoke to the alcade this morning. By denouncing to justice the offence committed by your countryman, he has infringed the laws of the salteadores. We are armed robbers, not spies concealed in obscurity. I have, moreover, another account to settle with him. You have not, perhaps, forgotten the traveller who, pursued by a bear, came to entreat our protection the night of our encampment with the bison-hunters. Well the unhappy man fell by my band, in spite of myself, excited on by the Santucho. Twice was the wretch thus openly dared me. Tell your friend he will be indebted to me, not only for his liberty, but for revenge."

I had but one reply to make to this singular personage, so full of contempt for the laws of his country, which he seemed to know better than an alcade, and so full of respect for that code in use among highwaymen, of which he brought the inflexible rules to bear on the Santucho. My protector showed himself accommodating, and it was necessary to profit by his complacency. I agreed that M. D— should place a remittance of seven hundred piasters in the hands of him who should bring to an appointed spot the replevy of the seizure decreed against his goods and his person. These conditions accepted, and one of the accomplices of the salteador entering and thus interrupting our conversation, I did not prolong my visit, and left the tent.

Night was already advanced; silence had succeeded the tumult which a few hours before reigned throughout the town. Wrapped up in their cloaks, the night-watchers slept by the side of their smoky lanterns. Unfortunate creatures, after gambling away the last real destined to pay their night's lodging, were carelessly stretched on the steps of the cathedral, which offered them gratuitous hospitality. A few mysterious lights moved here and there on the heights; every where else the agitation had ceased, and the last vibrations of the clock as it struck eleven, still resounded with solemn gravity, mingled with the melancholy shrieks of the *serenos*, as I returned home, pre-occupied with the remembrance of the day's two audiences. The alcade had shewn me justice, impotent and corrupt; the salteador, robbery, erected into dictatorship, creating laws, and almost magnanimous. The contrast told me more than long researches could have done on the causes of moral decay in Mexican society.

Early the next morning, M. D— knocked at my door, accompanied by one of the men of the outlaw's band, the Zurdo, who came from his chief to fetch the ransom agreed on: the chief had kept his promise, and reminded me of mine. My unhappy countryman's long beard, soiled clothes, and thin face, spoke but too clearly of the ill-treatment he had received. The Zurdo left us, promising, on the word of a salteador, that the man whose information had brought M. D— into this unpleasant predicament should be punished in an exemplary manner. This assurance was of small comfort to us. Our great object now was to set off without delay. The day elapsed without any representative of the law having appeared] at our dwelling. When night set in, we let a few hours pass in order to await the moment when the faint light of dawn would allow us to travel without fear of losing ourselves. At last the sky cleared a little; we silently saddled our horses, and left without regret a town which excited in us both none but unpleasant reminiscences.

We only breathed freely when at about a league from San Juan, galloping in all haste beneath the refreshing shade of an avenue of trees. We little suspected that we were about to witness the last scene of the drama in which we had so involuntarily been actors. A woeful voice, which suddenly interrupted the silence of the night, aroused us very unpleasantly from the half-security which a few moments of swift riding had restored to us.

"Let us gallop," said I to M. D—; "we have been seen, and a moment's hesitation may lose us."

We urged on our panting horses; but these backed, and, notwithstanding our spurs, refused to advance. They seemed frightened at something; and, looking down the lateral avenues, we perceived a few yards from us six men, quite motionless, each in front of the trunk of a tree. This might be a fresh troop of salteadors, awaiting us on our passage to despoil us; but the lamentations of these men, which we soon heard more distinctly, came to reassure us

"For the love of God," said one, "will you leave me without coming to my rescue?"

"In the name of the blessed Virgin," said another, "come to our assistance, senor!"

We then perceived that these unfortunate, whom we had mistaken for robbers, were themselves tightly bound to the trees, and were imploring our assistance. They were, doubtless, small merchants, whom the rateros had despoiled as they were leaving San Juan. We consulted one another as to what we should do. I proposed to deliver them. My companion reminded me of the misfortune of Don Quixote, who was pelted with stones by the galley-slaves whose chains he had broken. I was going to follow his advice, when piercing cries drew my attention to one individual, who seemed the most ill-treated of the band. I was unable to resist a movement of compassion, and alighting soon cut the bands which fastened the poor creature. Without taking time to thank me, he reached the top of the road-side bank, and then turned towards me a truly gallows face.

"Ah, senor!" said the vagabond to me, "you have rendered me a great service, in giving me the preference over my companions in misfortune. The men you see are worthy merchants, whom my friends and I thought prudent to fasten up after robbing them; only my friends, to play me a trick, thought it a good joke to fasten me up too. Adieu! may Heaven reward you for your

* A term used by muleteers to express a troop of mules.

perspicuity! And you, senor," added he, turning to M. D—, "remember the fate which awaits retailers at the fair of San Juan."

A moment afterwards, the Santucho, for it was he whom, in a fit of Christian charity, I had set free, disappeared among the bushes. M. D— and myself exchanged glances of supreme disappointment.

"Let us go," said M. D—, after a moment's silence; "and let these good people get out of it as they can."

A double detonation which made me start prevented my replying to this reproach, which I had deserved, I must acknowledge. Two men appeared on the road almost at the same moment, and came up to us. One of them was coolly blowing into the touch-pan of his rifle, the other was hanging his to his saddle. I recognised them both as belonging to the cuadrilla of my friend the salteador.

"*Valga me Dios!*" said one of the men, as he passed near me, "who would have thought that, out of so many men, you would have chosen the Santucho to set free? We had fastened him there by order of our chief, until the time was come for firing on him. It has been necessary to hasten the time in order to avenge your awkwardness. Adieu, senores, and may you profit by the lesson!"

Behind the bandits rode a cavalier, who soon came up to us. The costume of the new comer was as rich as it was elegant. A wide-brimmed hat, with its envelope of oil skin; a toquilla of Venetian beads; a cloth dolman, the sleeves of which were seen hanging from the folds of the violet manga trimmed with jet; and wide trousers hanging over the stirrups, composed this picturesque costume, that of a salteador when following his vocation. A horse worthy of a pasha, with sparkling eyes, dilated nostrils, an arched neck, its tail ornamented with red ribands, caused a long and flexible Toledo blade, of which the delicately carved sheath beat its sides, to vibrate to every movement. A short rifle swung on the opposite side of the saddle. The bandits did not wait until the cavalier had let fall the folds of the manga, which partly concealed his face, to uncover themselves and salute their chief. They related what had occurred in pure Castilian, for the slang of the Spanish thieves is unknown in Mexico.

"It is well," coldly replied the salteador; "go and fetch the body from where you left it."

One of the bandits disappeared, and returned in a few minutes, dragging at the end of his lasso the Santucho's body. Although twice wounded, the poor wretch still breathed.

"Search him," said the chief.

One of the two men got off his horse; the Santucho seemed to make a movement in self-defence, but it was almost imperceptible. Handfuls of piasters, reals, and small coin, were pulled out of his pockets; they were the result of his night's robberies, which had cost him so dear. The man who searched him looked inquiringly at his chief. On a sign from him, he unfastened the unfortunate captives, whom terror seemed to have paralysed. On a second sign, the bandit scattered before them the piasters found in his comrade's pocket. On seeing the merchants rush on the money thus restored to them, the Santucho made a convulsive effort, and remained motionless. This time he was dead; the grief of seeing himself despoiled finished him.

"Take that body on your shoulders," said the chief, imperiously, to the merchants, who were still hunting in the sand, wet with blood, for the last pieces of money, "and carry it to the alcade from me. He wanted him alive, I send him dead; let him compare his justice with mine."

The merchants obeyed, and as the dismal procession slowly disappeared, the salteador said to me, with an almost haughty smile,—

"I had sworn to punish that wretch, as well as to make the judges of this cursed country, where justice is made a traffic, tremble: you see that my oaths have been kept. I have made a third, which you know, senor," added he, bowing to M. D—; "I wish you may keep your word as faithfully as I shall keep mine."

So saying, the outlaw rode off, and the swiftness of his horse soon concealed him from our sight.

Once again in the midst of civilised life, I took off my traveller's dress, of which I preserved only the long spurs I had so long worn, and the sarape which had preserved me from the dews of so many cold nights, as well as from the sun of so many burning days. Two months had passed, and my imagination only brought back to me as a dream my adventurous perambulations in the deserts of Sonora, when a last incident came to revive my memory. A stranger brought M. D— an *indulto* in perfect form, and accepted a draught for seven hundred piasters, drawn on one of the first houses in Mexico. The salteador had kept his third promise as religiously as he had the other two.

A CONSULTATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BERNARD.

Towards the beginning of last autumn, amongst a number of persons assembled in Doctor Magnian's waiting room, sat a man of about forty years of age, fair complexioned, thin, pale, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and altogether of weak and sickly aspect, that would have convinced any one he was in the house of a physician. On his entrance, this person had established himself in a corner with an uneasy air, and there waited until all the other patients had had their consultations. When the last had departed, the master of the house approached him with a friendly smile.

"Good morning Bouchereau," said the doctor; "excuse me for making you wait; but my time belongs in the first instance to the sick, and I trust you have no such claim on an early audience."

"The sufferings of the mind are worse than those of the body," said the pale man, with a stifled sigh.

"What's the matter?" cried the doctor. "You look haggard and anxious. Surely Madame Bouchereau is not ill?"

"My wife is in robust health," replied Bouchereau, smiling bitterly.

"Then what is the cause of your agitation? The mind says you! If you do not speak, how am I to tell what passes in yours? Come, how can I serve you?"

"My dear doctor," said the other, sitting down with the most dejected countenance, "we have known each other for twenty years. I look upon you as my best friend, and in you I have unlimited confidence."

"Well!" said the doctor—"enough of compliments."

"They are not compliments; I speak from my heart. And the strange confession I have resolved to make to you will be sufficient proof of my esteem of your character."

"To the point!" cried Magnian impatiently.

"The fact is melancholy for me, and may even appear ridiculous. That is why I hesitate. Promise me, in the first place, never to reveal what I am about to tell you."

"The secret of the confessional is as sacred for the physician as for the priest," said Doctor Magnian gravely.

Bouchereau again sighed, bit his lips, and gazed up at the ceiling. "You know Pelletier?" he at last said, looking piteously at his friend.

"The captain on the staff? Of course I do. Sanguine habit, short neck, more shoulders than brains, organization of a bull! I have always predicted he would die of apoplexy."

"Heaven fulfil your prophecy!"

"You astonish me! I thought you friends."

"Friends!" repeated Bouchereau, with mingled irony and indignation.

"*Que diante!* Speak out, or hold your tongue. I am no Oedipus to guess your riddle."

The impatience that sparkled in the doctor's eyes brought his doleful friend to the substance of his intended confession.

"Well, my dear Magnian," said he, in an agitated voice, "in two words, here is the case: Pelletier makes love to my wife."

To conceal a smile, the doctor protruded his under-lip, and nodded his head several times with affected gravity.

"Who would have thought it!" he at last exclaimed. "I never suspected the great dragoon of such a taste. But are you quite sure? Husbands are usually the last persons to discover those things."

"I am only too sure; and you shall hear how. My wife is at Fontainbleau, passing a few days with her mother. The day before yesterday I happened to remark that the key of my desk fitted her drawers. Mechanically, I opened one of them, and in a sort of mysterious pigeon-hole I found several letters from Pelletier."

"The deuce you did! But why open drawers belonging to your wife?"

"It is my right. Besides, do not judge hastily. From the tenor of the correspondence, I am convinced Virginia's only fault is to have received the letters and concealed the fact from me. I am pretty sure she has given the writer no encouragement, and I am therefore much less angry with her than with Pelletier. Him I will never pardon. A man to whom I have thrown open my house! an old comrade at St. Barbe! A friend, in short; at least I thought him so!"

"You forget that one is never betrayed but by one's friends."

"I called upon him yesterday."

"Ah!"

"I reproached him with his shameful conduct. Can you guess his answer?"

"He denied the fact."

"At first. But when I showed him his letters he saw it was useless to lie. 'My dear Bouchereau,' he said, in his impudent manner, 'since you know all about it, I will not take the trouble to contradict you. It is perfectly true that I am in love with your wife; I have told her so already, and I cannot promise you that I will not tell her so again, for very likely I should not keep my promise. I perfectly understand my conduct may be disagreeable to you, but you know I am too much the gentleman not to accept the responsibility of my acts and deeds. And if you feel offended, I am at your orders, ready to give you satisfaction, when, where, and how you like.'"

"Very cool indeed!" said the physician, struggling violently to keep his countenance. "What! he had the effrontery to tell you that?"

"Word for word."

"And what was your answer?"

"That he should hear from me shortly. Then I left him, deeming further discussion unbecoming. And so the matter stands."

The Doctor looked grave. After walking once up and down the room, his eyes on the ground, his hands behind his back, he returned to his visitor.

"What shall you do?" he said, looking him steadily in the face.

"What do you advise?"

"Such behaviour is very hard to put up with, but on the other hand, I should be sorry to see you engaged in a duel with that bully Pelletier."

"A professed duellist," cried Bouchereau, his eyes opening wider and wider; "a man who passes his mornings in the shooting gallery and fencing room, and has a duel regularly once a quarter!"

"And you," said the Doctor with a piercing look, "have you ever fought a duel?"

"Never," replied the married man, looking paler even than his wont; "not but that I have had opportunities, but duelling is repugnant to my principles. The idea of shedding blood shocks me; it is a barbarous custom, a monstrous anomaly in these civilised days."

"In short, you have no very strong desire to enter the lists?"

"Were I positively outraged, had I a mortal injury to revenge, the voice of passion would perhaps drown that of humanity; for, in certain moments, the wisest man cannot answer for himself. But in this instance, the affair not being so serious, if Pelletier, instead of affecting an arrogant tone, had made the apology to which I think I have a right, and had promised to be better in future, then—all things considered—to avoid scandal—don't you think it would have been possible and honourable?"

"Not to fight?" interrupted Magnian; "certainly. If you go out with Pelletier, ten to one that he bleeds you like a barn-door fowl, and that would be unpleasant."

"Doctor, you misunderstand me."

"Not at all. And to prove the contrary, you shall not fight, and the Captain shall make you a satisfactory apology. Is not that what you want?"

The Doctor's penetration called up a faint flush on the cheek of the lover of peace.

"Pelletier is a brute," resumed Magnian, as if speaking to himself. "Staff officers have generally more breeding than that. To make love to the wife, well and good; but to defy the husband is contrary to all the rules of polite society."

"You advise me, then, to let the matter be arranged?" said Bouchereau, in an insinuating tone.

"Certainly," replied the physician laughing, "and what is more, I undertake the negotiation. I repeat my words: to-morrow Pelletier shall retract his provocation, make you a formal apology, and swear never again to disturb your conjugal felicity. This is my share of the business; the rest concerns you."

"The rest?"

"It is one thing to promise, another to perform. It would be prudent to facilitate the observance of the Captain's vow by a little tour, which for a few months would remove Madame Bouchereau from the immediate vicinity of this military Adonis. His duty keeps him at Paris; you are free. Why not pass the winter in the South: at Nice, for instance?"

"It has already occurred to me that a short absence would be desirable,

and I rejoice to find you of my opinion. But why Nice, rather than any other town?"

"The climate is extremely salutary, especially for a person whose chest is rather delicate."

"But my chest is very strong,—at least I hope so," interrupted Bouchereau, in an uneasy tone, and trying to read the Doctor's thoughts.

"Certainly; I say nothing to the contrary," replied Magnian gravely; "I have no particular motive for my advice; but precautions never do harm, and it is easier to prevent than cure."

"You think me threatened with consumption!" cried Bouchereau, who, as has been shown, entertained the warmest affection for Number one.

"I said nothing of the sort," replied the physician, as if reproaching himself for having said too much. "If you want to know why I proposed Nice, I will tell you: it is from a selfish motive. I shall probably pass part of this winter there, and my stay would be made very agreeable by the society of yourself and Madame Bouchereau."

"Well, we will see; the thing may be arranged," replied Bouchereau. And he left the house, more uneasy than he entered it; for to the apprehension of a duel was superadded the fear of a dangerous disease, by which he had never before contemplated the possibility of his being attacked.

At six o'clock that evening, Doctor Magnian entered the *Cafe Anglais*, where he made pretty sure to find Pelletier. Nor was he mistaken; the gallant Captain was there, solitarily installed at a little table, and dining very heartily, without putting water in his wine.

He was a tall, stout vigorous fellow, square in the shoulder, narrow in the hip, with a bold keen eye, a well-grown mustache, a high complexion, and a muscular arm; one of those men of martial mien who would seem to have missed their vocation if they were not soldiers, and whose aspect inspires the most presumptuous with a certain reserve and modesty. More doughty champions than the cadaverous Bouchereau might have shrunk from an encounter with a lion of such formidable breed.

The physician and the officer saluted each other cordially, and after exchanging a few compliments, took their dinner at different tables. They left the coffee-house at the same time, and meeting at the door, walked arm in arm along the boulevard, in the direction of the Madeleine.

"Well, Doctor," said Pelletier jocosely, "have you found me what I have asked you for at least ten times: a pretty woman—maid or widow, fair or dark, tall or short, all one to me—who will consent to make me the happiest of men, by uniting her lot with mine? I asked only a hundred thousand crowns: you must own I am modest in my expectations."

"Too modest! you are worth more than that."

"You are laughing at me?"

"Not at all; besides the moment would be ill chosen to jest, for I have a serious affair hand on. Bouchereau has commissioned me to speak to you."

"And you call that a serious affair?" said the Captain, laughing scornfully.

"A matter that can only end in bloodshed, appears to me deserving of the epithet," said the Doctor, with assumed gravity.

"Ah! M. Bouchereau thirsts for my blood!" cried Pelletier, aughing still louder; "hitherto, I took him to be rather herbivorous than carnivorous. And with what sauce does he propose to eat me—sword or pistol?"

"He leaves you the choice of arms," replied M. Magnian, with imperturbable seriousness.

"It's all one to me. I told him so already. Let me see: to-morrow I breakfast with some of my comrades; it is a sort of regimental feed, and I should not like to miss it, but the day after to-morrow, I'm your man. Will that do?"

"Perfectly. The day after to-morrow, seven in the morning, at the entrance of the forest of Vincennes."

"Agreed," said the Captain, familiarly slapping his companion's arm with his large brawny hand. "So you meddle with duelling, Doctor? I should have thought a man of your profession would have looked upon it as a dangerous competitor."

The physician replied to this very old joke, by a malicious smile, which he immediately repressed.

"At random you have touched me on the raw," he said, after a moment's silence. "Shall I tell you the strange, I might say the monstrous idea that has just come into my head?"

"Pray do. I am rather partial to monstrous ideas."

"It occurred to me that for the interest of my reputation, I ought to wish the projected duel to prove fatal to Bouchereau."

"Why so?" inquired the officer, with some surprise.

"Because if you don't kill him, in less than a year I shall have the credit of his death."

"I don't understand. Are you going to fight him?"

"Certainly not; but I am his physician, and as such responsible for his existence in the eyes of the vast number of persons who expect medical science to give sick men the health that nature refuses them. Therefore, as Bouchereau, according to all appearance, has not a year—"

"What's the matter with him?" cried Pelletier, opening his great eyes.

"Consumption!" replied the Doctor, in a compassionate tone. "a chronic disease—quite incurable! I was about sending him to Nice. We physicians, as you know, when we exhaust the resources of Medicine, send our patients to the waters or to the South. If nothing happens to him the day after to-morrow, he shall set out: God knows if he will ever return."

"Consumptive! he who is always as sallow as Debureau."

"Complexion has nothing to do with it."

"And you think he is in danger?"

"I do not give him a year to live; perhaps not six months."

The two men walked some distance, silent and serious.

"Yes, Captain," said the Doctor, breaking the pause, "we may look upon poor Bouchereau as a dead man, even setting aside the risk he incurs from your good blade. Before twelve months are past, his wife may think about a second husband. She will be a charming little widow, and will not want for admirers."

Pelletier cast a sidelong look at his companion, but the Doctor's air of perfect simplicity dispelled the suspicion his last words had awakened.

"If Bouchereau died, his wife would be rich!" said the Captain, musingly, but in an interrogative tone.

"Peste!" replied Magnian, "you may say that. Not one hundred thousand, but two hundred thousand crowns, &c the very least."

"You exaggerate!" cried the Captain, his eyes suddenly sparkling.

"Easy to calculate," said Magnian confidently—"Madame Bouchereau inherited a hundred thousand francs from her father, she will have a hundred and

fifty thousand from her mother, and her husband will leave her three hundred and fifty thousand more: add that up."

"Her husband's fortune is secured to her, then, by marriage contract!" inquired Pelletier, who had listened with rapidly increasing interest to his companion's enumeration.

"Every sou," replied the physician, solemnly.

The two words were worth an hour's oration, and with a person whom he esteemed intelligent, M. Magnian would not have added another. But, remembering that the Captain, as he had said a few hours before, was more richly endowed with shoulders than with brains, he did not fear to weigh a little heavily upon an idea from which he expected a magical result.

"For you," he jestingly resumed, "who have the bump of matrimony finely developed, here would be a capital match. Young, pretty, amiable, and a fortune of six hundred thousand francs. Though, to be sure, if you kill the husband, you can hardly expect to marry the widow."

Pelletier forced a laugh, which ill agreed with the thoughtful expression his physiognomy had assumed; then he changed the conversation. Certain that he had attained his end, the Doctor pleaded a professional visit, and left the Captain upon the boulevard, struck to the very heart by the six hundred thousand francs of the future widow.

Without halt or pause, and with the furious velocity of a wounded wild-boar, Pelletier went, without help of omnibus, from the Madeleine to the Bastille. When he reached the Porte St. Martin, his determination was already taken.

"Without knowing it," he thought, "the Doctor has given me excellent advice. Fight Bouchereau! not so stupid. I should kill him; I am so unlucky! and then how could I reappear before Virginia?"

The little coquette views me with no indifferent eye; and luckily I have made love to her for the last three months, so that when the grand day comes, she cannot suppose I love her for her money. Kill Bouchereau! that would be absurd. Let him die in his bed, the dear man—I shall have plenty or fighting with my rivals, as soon as his wife is a widow. Six hundred thousand francs! They'll throng about her like bees round a honey-pot. But let them take care; I'm first in the field, and not the man to let them walk over my body."

The following morning, long before the consultations had begun, the Captain strode into Magnian's reception room.

"Doctor," said he, with military frankness, "what you said yesterday about Bouchereau's illness, has made me seriously reflect."

"I cannot fight a man who has only six months to live. Suppose I wound him: a hurt, of which another would get well, might be mortal to one in his state of health; and then I should reproach myself, all my life, with having killed an old friend for a mere trifles. Did he tell you the cause of our quarrel?"

"No," replied the Doctor, who, in his capacity of negotiator, thought himself at liberty to lie.

"A few hasty words," said Pelletier, deceived by Magnian's candid air; "in fact, I believe I was in the wrong. You know I am very hasty; a propos of some trifles or other, I was rough to poor Bouchereau, and now I am sorry for it. In short, I have had enough duels to be able to avoid one without any body suspecting a white feather in my wing. So if you will advise Bouchereau to let the matter drop, I give you carte blanche. Between ourselves, I think he will not be sorry for it."

"You may find yourself mistaken, Captain," replied the Doctor, with admirable seriousness; "yesterday Bouchereau was much exasperated: although of peaceable habits, he is a perfect tiger when his blood is up. It appears that you hurt his feelings and unless you make a formal apology—"

"Well, well," interrupted Pelletier, "it is not much in my way to apologise, and this is the first time; but with an old friend, I will stretch a point. I would rather make concessions than have to reproach myself hereafter. Shall we go to Bouchereau?"

"Let us go," said the Doctor, who could hardly help smiling to see how the voice of interest instilled sensibility and humanity into the heart of a professed duellist.

When Magnian and the officer entered his drawing-room, Bouchereau, who had not shut his eyes the whole night, experienced all the sensations of the criminal to whom sentence of death is read. But the first words spoken restored fluidity to his blood, for a moment frozen in his veins. The Captain made the most explicit and formal apology, and retired after shaking the hand of his old friend, who, overjoyed at his escape, did not show himself very exacting.

"Doctor, you are a sorcerer!" cried Bouchereau, as soon as he found himself alone with the physician.

"It is almost part of my profession," replied Magnian laughing. "However, the terrible affair is nearly arranged. I have done my share; do yours. When shall you set out for the south?"

The satisfaction depicted on Bouchereau's physiognomy vanished, and was replaced by some anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, in an altered voice, "you must tell me the truth; I have resolution to hear my sentence with calmness; my chest is attacked, is it not?"

"You mean your head."

"My head also!" cried Bouchereau, positively green with terror.

"You are mad," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "I would willingly change my chest for yours."

"You deceive me. I cannot forget what escaped you yesterday. I coughed all night long, and I have a pain between my shoulders which I never perceived before."

"All fancy!"

"I feel what I feel," continued Bouchereau gloomily; "I do not fear death; but I confess that I could not, without regret, bid an eternal adieu, in the prime of life, to my wife and family. It is my duty to be cautious for their sake, if not for my own. Instead of writing to Virginia to return home, I will join her at Fontainbleau, and start at once for Nice."

"Go," said the doctor, "the journey cannot hurt you."

"But do you think it will benefit me?"

"Without a doubt."

"It is not too late, then, to combat this frightful malady."

"Oh, you are not very far gone," said Magnian ironically. "I shall be at Nice myself in less than six weeks, so that you are sure to be attended by a physician in whom you have confidence, if, contrary to all probability, your state of health requires it."

The two friends parted: the Doctor laughing at his patient's fears, the pa-

tient imagining himself in imminent peril, and almost doubting whether it would not have been better to fall by the terrible sword of Captain Pelletier than to linger and expire, in the flower of his age, upon an inhospitable foreign shore. In two days, Bouchereau, haunted by his funeral visions, had taken out his passport, arranged his affairs, and completed his preparations. Getting into a post-chaise, he made his unexpected appearance at Fontainbleau; and, exerting his marital authority to an extent he had never previously ventured upon, he carried off his wife, stupefied by such a sudden decision, and greatly vexed to leave Paris, which Pelletier's languishing epistles had lately made her find an unusually agreeable residence.

By the end of the week, the husband and wife, one trembling for his life, the other regretting her admirer, arrived at Nice, where, towards the close of the autumn, they were joined by Dr. Magnian, who thus showed himself scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of his promise.

On an evening of the month of April following, the tragedy of *Les Horaces* was performed at the *Théâtre Francais*. Thanks to the young talent of Mademoiselle Rachel, rather than to the old genius of Corneille, the house was crowded. In the centre of the right hand balcony, Captain Pelletier, accompanied by some blusterers of the same kindred, talked loud, laughed ditto, criticised the actors and spectators, and disturbed all his neighbours, without any one venturing to call him to order; so powerful, in certain cases, is the influence of an insolent look, a ferocious mustache, and an elephantine build.

After examining with his opera glass every corner of the theatre, from the pit to the roof, the Captain at last caught sight of a group, snugly installed in a comfortable box, which at once fixed his attention. It consisted of Monsieur and Madame Bouchereau, in front, and of Doctor Magnian, seated behind the lady.

The appearance and attitude of those three persons were characteristic. With his usual pallid complexion and unhappy look, his eyes adorned with a pair of blue spectacles—a new embellishment, which he owed to an imaginary ophthalmia—the pacific husband whiled away the entr'acte by the study of a play-bill, which he abandoned when the curtain rose, to bestow his deepest attention on the actors, even though none but the inferior characters were on the stage.

Madame Bouchereau trifled with an elegant nosegay, whose perfume she frequently inhaled, and whose crimson flowers contrasted so well with the fairness of her complexion, as to justify a suspicion that there was some coquetry in the manoeuvre executed with such apparent negligence. Leaning back in her chair, she frequently turned her head, the better to hear Magnian's smiling and half-whispered remarks. The husband paid no attention to their conversation, and did not seem to remark its intimate and confidential character.

"Who is it you have been looking at for the last quarter of an hour?" inquired one of the Captain's comrades.

"At your old flame, Madame Bouchereau? I thought you had forgotten her long ago."

"I did not know she had returned from Nice," replied Pelletier, with a reserved air.

"She has been at Paris a fortnight."

"Does not Bouchereau look very ill? The southern climate has not done him much good. He is twice as pale as before he went. Poor Bouchereau!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the officer, "have you been gulled by the story of the decline? This is really too good."

"What is too good?" asked the Captain abruptly.

"The trick that rogue Magnian played Bouchereau and you; for if I may judge from your astonished look, you also have been mystified."

"Berton, you abuse my patience," said Pelletier in a surly tone.

"Wolves do not eat one another," replied Berton laughing; "so let us talk without anger. The story is this:—all Paris, except yourself, has been laughing at it for a week past. It appears that on the one hand, although no one suspected it, the aforesaid Magnian was in love with Madame Bouchereau, and that on the other, finding himself treated with a pulmonary complaint, he thought it advisable to pass the winter in a warm climate. What did the arch-schemer? He persuaded Bouchereau that it was he, Bouchereau, whose chest was affected; sent him off to Nice with his pretty wife, and, at his leisure, without haste or hurry, joined them there. You have only to look at them, as they sit yonder, to guess the *denouement* of the history. The appropriate label for their box would be the title of one of Paul de Kock's last novels; *la Femme, le Mari, et l'Amant*. Magnian is a cunning dog, and has very ingenuous ideas. Fearing, doubtless, that the husband might be too clear-sighted, he threatened him with an ophthalmia, and made him wear blue spectacles. Clever, wasn't it? and a capital story!"

"Charming, delightful!" cried the Captain, with a smile that resembled a gnashing of teeth.

The tragedy was over. Dr. Magnian left his box; Pelletier followed his example. The next minute the two men met in the lobby.

"Doctor, a word with you," said the officer sternly.

"Two, if you like, Captain," was Magnian's jovial reply.

"It appears, that in spite of your prognostics, Bouchereau is in perfect health."

"*Voudriez-vous qu'il mourut?* Would you have him die?" said the Doctor, parodying with a comical emphasis the delivery of Joanny, who had taken the part of the father of the Horatii.

"I know you are excellent at a joke," retorted Pelletier, whose vexation was rapidly turning to anger; "but you know that I am not accustomed to serve as a butt. Be good enough to speak seriously. Is it true that Bouchereau was never in danger?"

"In great danger, on the contrary. Was he not about fighting you?"

"So that when you sent him to Nice——?"

"It was to prevent the duel. As a physician, I watch over the health of my clients; and it was my duty to preserve Bouchereau from your sword, which is said to be a terrible malady."

"One of which you will perhaps have to cure yourself before very long," exclaimed the Captain, completely exasperated by the Doctor's coolness. "The idiot Bouchereau may die of fear, or of any thing else. I certainly shall not do him the honour to meddle with him; but you, my friend, so skilled in sharp jests, I shall be glad to see if your valour equals your wit."

The part of an unfortunate and mystified rival is so humiliating, that Pelletier's vanity prevented his stating his real ground of complaint, and mentioning the name of Madame Bouchereau. The Doctor imitated his reserve, and listened to the officer's defiance with the same tranquil smile which had previously played upon his countenance.

"My dear Captain," he said, "at this moment you would particularly like to pass your good sword through my body, or to lodge a ball in my leg—for, in consideration of our old friendship, I presume you would spare my head. You shall have the opportunity, if you positively insist upon it. But if you kill me, who will arrange your marriage with Mademoiselle Nanteuil?"

Pelletier stared at his adversary with an astonished look, which redoubled the Doctor's good humour.

"Who is Mademoiselle Nanteuil?" he at last said, his voice involuntarily softening.

"An amiable heiress whom I attend, although she is in perfect health; who has two hundred thousand francs in possession, as much more in perspective, and who, if an intelligent friend undertook the negotiation, would consent, I think, to bestow her hand and fortune upon a good-looking fellow like yourself."

"Confound this Magnian!" said the Captain, taking the Doctor's arm, "it is impossible to be angry with him."

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"There is nothing new," says the wise man, "under the sun." We have seen enough of late years of railway manias, and the almost incredible anxiety of all classes to realize something of the numerous El Dorados which infatuation or cupidity set afloat in periods of excitement. But, from the following account of De Tocqueville, it appears that a hundred and thirty years ago the same passions were developed on a still greater scale in France; and even our ladies of rank and fashion may take a lesson in these particulars from the marchionesses and countesses of the court of the Regent Orleans.

In the month of August 1719, the anxiety to procure shares (in the Mississippi scheme) began to assemble an immense crowd in the street Quincampoix, where, for many years, the public funds had been bought and sold. From six in the morning, crowds of people, men, and women, rich and poor, gentlemen, and burghers, filled the street, and never left it till eight. There were spread all sorts of rumors, true and false: and all the devices of stock jobbing were put in practice, in order to effect a rise or fall in the prices.

The price of some shares rose to *six-and-thirty times* their original value. Their price often varied during the course of a single day several thousand francs. From this perilous gambling, arose, alternately, incredible fortunes, and total ruins.

The numerous instances which occurred of persons who had risen from nothing and suddenly become possessed of immense wealth, raised the public avidity to a perfect frenzy. At that epoch of scandal and opprobrium, there was no folly or vice in which the high society did not take the lead. The degradation of men's minds were equal to the corruption of their manners. The courtiers, even the princes of the blood, besieged the Regent to obtain shares. He flung them among them with open hands; and soon they were seen mingling in the crowds of speculators, and covetous, like them, of discreditable gains.

"My son," said the regent's mother, "has given me for my family, two millions in shares. The king has taken some millions for his house. The whole royal family have received some; all the children of France, all their grandsons and princesses of the blood."

Women of the highest rank did not scruple to pay the most assiduous court to Law to obtain shares. They passed whole days in his ante-chamber, waiting for an audience, which he very seldom gave them. One caused her carriage to be overturned before his door to attract his attention, and had the good fortune in consequence, to get a few words from him. Another stopped before his hotel, and made her servants call out "fire," to force him to come out, and thus obtain an interview.

They were to be seen seated in the front part of the carriage of Madame Law, striving to obtain from her a profitable friendship. That woman who had the effrontery to take the name of Law, though she was only his mistress, treated them with great hauteur.

The same passion was not less vehement in the other classes of society. The latest "arrets" of the council had ordered that all shares should be paid in paper; and instantly a crowd assembled around the bank, to exchange their gold and silver for bank notes. The women sold their diamonds and pearls, the men their plate. Ere long the provinces became envious of the profits made in the capital, and desirous to share in them: proprietors sold their lands for whatever they would bring, and hastened to Paris, to acquire the much coveted shares.

Ecclesiastics, bishops, even, did not scruple to mingle in these transactions. In a short time the population of the capital was increased by three hundred thousand souls. Foreigners also arrived in crowds; but less intoxicated by the prevailing madness than the French, they foresaw the fatal denouement, and for the most part extricated themselves in time from its effects.

The ultimate issue of this, as of all other general manias, was disastrous in the extreme.

The rise of shares having at length experienced a check, they continued for some time to oscillate up and down without any material variation, according to the devices employed by skilful speculators. These variations occasioned enormous changes in the fortune of the gamblers. Those newly enriched displayed an unheard of luxury; listening to enjoy wealth which had come to them like a dream, and which the wakening from it might dissipate. Never had the equipages been so magnificent, never so numerous.

Laquais roamed about in their chariots, and from the force of habit were seen sometimes to get upon the back of their own carriages. "Put the most showy arms, on my coach," said one to his coachmaker. "I will have that livery," said another when a particularly stylish one drove past. Their furniture was sumptuous, their repasts exquisite, and the noblesse did not disdain to honor their tables, making such concessions the first step to alliances which might hereafter convey to them some of the profits of their speculations.

Meanwhile a frightful tumult disturbed every existence. Speculation became universal, unbounded, at length brutal. Persons were crushed to death in the approaches to the Rue Quincampoix: the men with large portfolios were in hourly danger of their lives. Assassinations were committed: a Count de Horn was condemned to be broken on the wheel by the parliament, and the sentence was carried into execution, for having robbed and murdered a courier.

Alarmed at the crowds, the regent interdicted the speculators from making use of the Rue Quincampoix: they took refuge in the Place Vendome. In a single day that place was covered with tents, where the most sumptuous stuffs were displayed; and without disengaging themselves with the wild joy of some, or the abject despair of others, the ladies of the court seated themselves at gam-

ligious party as France : in fact, it was from the writings of Bolingbroke, Tindal, Toland, and their contemporaries, that Voltaire drew almost all the arguments with which his writings abound against the doctrines of Christianity. Gibbon afterwards lent the same cause the aid of his brilliant genius, and vast industry.

Scotland, too, had its own share of the prevailing epidemic. Hume was the great apostle of scepticism, caressed by all Europe. But neither England nor Scotland were overturned by their efforts : on the contrary, Christianity, tried but not injured, came forth unscathed from the furnace.

The learning, the talent, the zeal, which arose in defence of religion, were, at least, equal to what was employed in the attack ; and so completely did they baffle the efforts of the infidel party, that Christianity grew and strengthened with every assault made upon it ; and when this great conflict began between the antagonist principles in 1793, England was found at its proper post in the vanguard of religion and order.

This fact is very remarkable, and deserves more serious consideration than has yet been bestowed upon it. It clearly points to some essential difference between the political and religious institutions of France and England at that period, or the capacity which they bestowed upon a nation to withstand the assaults of infidelity and corruption. It is not difficult to see what that difference was.

In England a free constitution was established, freedom of expression was permitted, and the church was not allowed to exercise any tyrannical sway over the minds or bodies of men. The consequence was, genius in the hour of need came to her side, and brought her triumphant through all the dangers by which she was assailed. Intellect was divided ; it was not as in France wholly ranged on the side of infidelity.

The cause of truth though it may be subjected to grievous temporary trials, has nothing in the end to fear, except from the excess of tyranny exerted in its defence. Unsheltered by power, talent will speedily come to its aid. The wounds inflicted by mind can be cured only by mind : but they will never fail of being so if mind is left to itself.

One of the well known abuses which preceded the Revolution, was the improper use which, in the reign of Louis XV, was made of "lettres de cachet," obtained too often by private solicitation or the interest of some of the mistresses of the king or his ministers. Their abuse rose to the highest pitch, under the administration of the Duke de la Villiere. The Marchioness Langeac, his mistress, openly made a traffic of them, and never was one refused to a man of influence, who had a vengeance to satiate, a passion to gratify. The Comte de Segur gives the following characteristic anecdote, illustrating the use made of these instruments of tyranny, even upon the inferior classes of society.

"I have heard related the sad mishap that occurred to a young shopmistress named Jeanneton, who was remarkable for her beauty. One day the Chevalier de Coigny met her radiant with smiles, and in the highest spirits. He enquired the cause of her extreme satisfaction.

"'I am truly happy,' she replied,—'My husband is a scold, a brute ; he gave me no rest—I have been with M. Comte de St. Florentine ; Madame—, who enjoys his good graces, has received me in the kindest manner, and for a present of ten Louis, I have just obtained a "lettre de cachet" which will deliver me from the persecutions of that most jealous tyrant.'

"Two years afterwards, M. de Coigny met the same Jeanneton, but now sad, pale, with downcast look, and a careworn countenance.

"'Ah, my poor Jeanneton,' said he, 'what has become of you ? I never meet you any where. What has cast you down since we last met.'

"'Alas, sir !' replied she, 'I was very foolish to be then in such spirits ; my villainous husband had that very day taken up the same idea as I ; he went to the minister, and the same day, by the intervention of his mistress, he bought an order to shut me up ; so that it cost our poor menage twenty louis to throw us at the same time reciprocally into prison.'

M. de Tocqueville sums up, in these eloquent words, which close his work, the tendency and final result of the government of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV :

"The high society was more liberal than the bourgeois : the bourgeois than the people. The Revolution commenced at the head of the social system ; from that it gained the heart, and spread to the extremities. It became a point of honor to be in opposition. It was a mode of shining and acquiring popularity ; a fashion which the young seized with avidity. The words Liberty and Representative Government were continually in the mouths of those, who were, ere long, to ascribe to them all their misfortunes.

"The partition of Poland revealed to the French the political degradation of their country. The great and beautiful kingdom of France resembling a planet under eclipse : its light seemed extinguished. The French honor felt itself profoundly mortified. In the midst of that degradation, and from its very effects, political combinations entered more and more into every thought.

"The activity of mind which could no longer find employment in the glory of the country, took a direction towards industry and the sciences. The middle class, rich and instructed, obtained an influence which formerly had been monopolized by the noblesse, and aspired to the destruction of privileges, which it did not enjoy. Beneath both, the working classes, steeped in misery, crushed under the weight of taxes reserved to the innovators the most formidable support.

"Thus the movement, arising from many different causes, extended more and more. The philosophers by incessantly depreciating the nation in their writings, had succeeded in rendering the nation ashamed of itself. All parties in the nation seemed to unite in deeming it necessary to destroy the ancient social order. It was manifest that important changes would take place at no distant period, though the exact time of their approach could not be fixed on with certainty.

"It was at the approach of that tempest which was destined to shake the state to its foundations, that the pride of philosophy sought to exhibit itself by attacking Heaven. By it the curb of conscience was broken, and the great name of God, which might have imposed restraint on the violence of the passions which the Revolution called forth, was effaced. By this means to the legitimate conquest of liberty will ere long succeed a mortal strife of vanities, in which those of the majority having proved victorious, will stain themselves without mercy with the blood of the vanquished.

"Other people will, in future times, undergo changes similar to ours ; but they will eschew the same violence, because the influence of religion will not be extinct among them. Posterity, that equitable judge of the past, imputes to philosophy that it perverted the minds of the people while it pretended to enlighten them, and turned aside from its proper end a revolution commenced with the design of ameliorating the lot of the human race.

"Louis XV. left royalty tarnished in France. At his death the people re-

joiced—the enlightened classes congratulated themselves. The vices of the sovereign had opened in every heart an incurable wound. Neither the virtues of Louis XVI, nor the glory acquired during the American war ; nor the sight of France restored to its rank among the nations ; nor the love of the king for his subjects ; nor the liberal institutions which he bestowed on them, could heal that fatal wound. The stain of the crown could be washed out only by the blood of the just ascending to heaven by the steps of the scaffold." *

After these quotations it is needless to say what the merits of M. De Tocqueville's works are. He possesses the abstract thought, the philosophic temperament, the reflective mind which enable him to follow, with correct and discerning eye, the general course of events. He does not attach himself to individual men—he is no hero worshipper. His narrative has not the interest of biography, or of histories founded on its model. It has not the dramatic air of Thiers, the genius of Chateaubriand, or the pictorial powers of Michelet. It is on that account not so likely to be so generally popular as the works of any of those eminent writers. It resembles more nearly the admirable 'Sketches of the Progress of Society,' to be found in the works of Guizot and Sismondi. As such it possesses very high merit, and will doubtless take its place among the standard works of French history. Perhaps his work is more worthy of study, and more likely to be esteemed by thinking men in other countries than his own ; for France has gone through the convulsions subsequent on the social and moral evils which he has so well portrayed ; but other nations are only in their commencement. What to the one is history, to the other, if not averted, may be prophecy.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON AND DUROC.

(From Gen. Hillier's Life of Napoleon.)

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris *incognito*, in search of adventurers. On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and a long blue great coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this he was occasionally received with a coolness and indifference, to which, in *propria persona*, he was unaccustomed. One morning shortly before Christmas, he arose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, (who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon) left the Tuilleries just as day was breaking. After walk through the Place Vendome, thence to the Rue de Napoleon,—now called Rue de la Paix—where he much admired the splendid mansions which had been recently erected there ; chatting familiarly with Duroc, he observed :

"It seems that the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day."

Discouraging thus they arrived at the Chinese Bath rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticising the exterior, the *cafe* which belonged to the establishment opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc ; 'what do you say ? has not your walk given you an appetite ?'

"Sire, it is too early ; it is only eight o'clock."

"Bah ! bah ! your watch is always too slow !—As for me, I am quite hungry. Afterwards we can return home."

And without waiting for an answer, Napoleon entered the *cafe*, took his seat at the table, called for the waiter, and requested some mutton chops and a bottle of chamberlain wine ; and having breakfasted heartily, and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than he was supplied with at the Tuilleries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc—"Pay and let us return now ;" then rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, endeavoring to appear at ease. The Grand Marshal rose at the same time ; but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried any money about him. Nevertheless the waiter came and presented the bill to the Grand Marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs. Napoleon, not knowing what detained Duroc, and not accustomed to be kept waiting, re-entered, saying impatiently—

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The Grand Marshal now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the *cafe* (who sat silent and indifferent at the counter,) and said politely and confidently—

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately, we quite forgot to bring our purses—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so, sir," coldly replied the lady ; "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in in this manner. Do you think that—"

"What is all this about ?"

But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward, and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the *cafe* was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a gold watch encircled with brilliants, said to him—

"My friend, you have acted nobly ; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," said the waiter, "I have no wish to take it ; I feel convinced that you are men of honor."

"Good, my friend," said the Grand Marshal, "you shall never repent your confidence in us."

He then rejoined the Emperor.

Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily, and was pleased with the generosity of the poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were. On their way to the palace, they came to the Passage des Panoramas, which was then one of the most elegant passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vases. Two superb ones were exposed to view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price.

* Alluding to the sublime words of Father Edgeworth to Louis XVI at the foot of the scaffold :—"Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel !"

The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked if he wished to purchase them?

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price, unless I had thought of purchasing them," said Napoleon, irritated by the cool imputation of the woman.

"Four thousand francs (£180)—not a sou less, monsieur."

"Four thousand francs! that is horribly dear, madame; much too dear for me."

And touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the *merchandise*, with her hands in her pockets, added, sarcastically—

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell below cost in these times than starve. There are fine doings now-a-days! always war! All the world complains! Business is at a stand-still now, and the shop keepers are ruined; but we do not pay less taxes."

During this address, Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage; at length he interrupted her by saying—

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Eh! la, la! do not be angry, monsieur! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he has gone to seek for money. But what can you want with him when I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—perhaps I should send for these vases."

He then left the shop, disgusted with the merchandise, whose coolness and politeness had so much exasperated him.

"Faith!" said he, when he had rejoined Duroc, "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than her business! Oh! I will have her husband's head shaved; it is his fault."

The Emperor and the Grand Marshal now returned to the Tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shop-keeper, and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences, Napoleon said one evening to Duroc—

"I have nothing to do now, suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-bye, how did you settle the affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong. I may be allowed to forget such trifles, but you—"

"Sire, I will immediately make the *amende honorable*."

"Yes, do, and let it be done in a way which will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband *here*, with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt. Ah, ah! 'tis my turn now, and we shall see!"

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, despatched him to the Chinese Baths, when he thus addressed the mistress of the cafe—

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here about six weeks since, without settling their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady, very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer wore the livery of the palace.

"Well, madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the Grand Marshal of the Palace! Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

The mistress rang the bell, and felt very uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace, and imploring the forgiveness of the Emperor. When the waiter appeared, the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him—

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal has charged me to say, that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

The name of the waiter was Dragens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her special attendant. After her divorce he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men at this time—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1814.

After his visit to the *cafe*, the imperial footman reached the passage des Panoramas, when he entered the shop of the *Marchand*.

"Sir," said he, addressing the master, "you are requested to go to the palace this instant, with two vases which the emperor enquired the price of about six weeks since in your shop. His imperial majesty is now waiting for you."

"Heavens! he cried, 'I shall be shot.' Then addressing his wife who was terribly frightened and unable to speak, he said—

"I have no doubt but that you, madame, have been talking politics to the Emperor, 'speaking ill' of the government as you always do; and this to the Emperor himself! When will you learn to cease your cursed babbling? Ah, mon dieu!—I am a lost man, I shall be shot!"

Her fright nearly overpowered the poor man, who seemed shocked that his wife should have taken the Emperor for a police spy. However, he mustered all his courage and arrived with the vases at the Tuilleries, where he was immediately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you at last—I am glad to see you here."

Then taking from the desk eight bank notes for a thousand francs each he presented them to the dealer, who was trembling with fear, and with great difficulty advanced to receive them. And now, with that peculiar sarcastic brevity with which he invariably spoke when he wished to reprove, he added;

"I went the other day to your shop. I bargained for two vases; your wife asked four thousand francs, telling me they cost her five thousand.—Well, although that was a falsehood, I now give you eight thousand, take them. There are four for the vases and four for yourself. But tell your wife that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs instead of politics, *malblieu!* I will send her where she will be taken care of, and you, too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir;—that is all I have to say to you! *Bon Soir!*"

THE POLITE ARTS, USEFUL AND PRACTICAL. BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

No. VII.

I said in the conclusion of my last Essay, which was meant to prove the in-

sufficiency of private liberality in the matter of the Fine Arts, and to rebuke the prevailing fashionable mania for old and counterfeit paintings, that I would specify several instances of fraud practised upon connoisseurs in Art by picture dealers and manufacturers. I shall, with that view, confine myself to the interesting facts gathered from an article in a late number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," by an intelligent correspondent of yours (the National Intelligencer,) who heads his paper "Pictures and Picture Dealing and Literary Forgeries." The writer begins the paper with these very apposite remarks, "No deceptive art has been in the present day more successfully and ingeniously practised than the imitation of the paintings of the most celebrated old Masters. By this skilful though not very worthily employed talent, many of the 'nati consumere fruges,' the worthless 'lords of land,' have been enabled to cover the walls of their mansions with the (so called) productions of Raphael, Guido, and Correggio, and to fancy themselves patrons of the Fine Arts, and possessors of treasures for which Walpole sighed in vain, and which the wealth of Beckford could not procure him."

We are told by your correspondent that one collection alone, that of the late Cardinal Fesch, is said to have contained from sixteen to eighteen thousand paintings; that since the peace the demand for Italian pictures has been active and unflagging; that England is annually replete with vile trash, old canvas, and cracked panels; and that the dealers in this rubbish have gone so far lately as to export a large number of paintings with big names to Australia. Our own country comes in for a large share of this merchandise; but as we are as comparatively young in the market, and as yet but slightly corrupted by the importation of such trash, which should be refused at every custom house, and adjudged contraband and dangerous, let us learn wisdom from other victims, and eschew such infection as we would the cholera or the plague. Just reflect, good reader, that if in one single collection were found nearly eighteen thousand paintings of the old school, what must be the number scattered through the public and private galleries at Rome, Florence, Naples, Bologna, Venice, Madrid, Paris, Munich, Dusseldorf, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and London, and then calculate what chance our connoisseurs stand of securing genuine productions of the old Masters for love or money!

It seems that, like the famous purge of Fortunatus, such is the magical reproductive nature of the Art, and the inexhaustible fertility of the supply, from Bologna alone, thousands of paintings are exported every year, and yet the city remains as rich and full as ever. So profitable is the trade, and so gullible amateurs, that in several of the chief Italian towns there are regular workshops for the forgery of the old Masters who once painted there. "Thus," says the writer, "in Bologna the imitations are chiefly of the Caracci and their followers, as well as of Carlo Dolci and Sapoferre; at Venice, of Titian and Giorgione; in Milan and Ferrara, of Luini, Garofalo, and Marone." From a description of the process used by these clever forgers, we learn that so nice and exact is the imitation that detection is difficult if not impossible; that the best judges are sometimes duped, and "rules utterly useless against a species of villainy which only great practice can detect." So happy in this process is a certain Chevalier Michel, of Florence, that "many Raphaels from his easel have brought handsome prices in London," and in various towns in Italy his works are bought as those of Bartolomeo Pinborrichis, and Andrea del Sarto. Another picture forger, named Guizzardi, of Bologna, who possesses a complete knowledge of design, and is very skilful in imitating the surface of the old masters from Trauca and Guido, carries on also a very extensive business in this line.

No person who possesses common sense will deal at a shop where counterfeit and bad goods are sold. No one will employ a physician or a lawyer, if he doubts his capacity or knows him to be a humbug. No one will drink counterfeit and unwholesome wine or liquors, wear bad clothes, or, if a lover of the weed, smoke bad cigars or inhale wretched snuff, when he can obtain the genuine, pure article. And yet in the outlay of large sums of money, in matters where taste and pleasure are concerned, we expose ourselves foolishly and verdantly to deception, and throw our money and admiration away upon vile imitations and counterfeits of the old masters,—modern daubs baked in the sun and cooked for the market, so as to give them the tone and surface of the ancient chef d'oeuvres—dark, smoky, cracked boards and canvas, with which our walls are loaded and disfigured. What is there in the exercise and gratification of taste and refinement that excludes good sense and decent caution? Why should we be so heedless and credulous, so smitten with the fashionable epidemic of the day, where the Arts are concerned, and yet so sensible and prudent in the every-day and commonplace occurrences of life! Can we plead as an excuse, that we are ignorant of the details of Art, and do not believe that the evil is as great as it is represented, or if so, that it is beyond cure? But facts are against us. The statistics of paintings prove that every man who prefers what are called old paintings,—purchases them abroad or gets them from importers and picture-dealers, runs great risk of being imposed upon, and wastes his money on the deceptive imitation when he bargained for the original itself. It is, therefore, the duty and interest of every good citizen to arrest this imposition and cure the evil as far as he is able.

Besides, it is an indisputable fact, that the genuine productions of such masters as Guido, Raphael, Reubens, Murillo, and Claude, bring princely prices, and are only within reach of monarchs—such as Nicholas and Louis Philippe, or peers like the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Westminster. Is it not, then, the height of folly to suppose that gems like these "rari nautes in gurgite vasto," are often brought to our matter-of-fact and money-loving country, to be sold to ignorant amateurs and for huckster prices? Why! so much are the old masters prized and guarded, that governments forbid their exportation, under heavy penalties, and princes and noblemen, rich as Cresus and liberal as Mecenas and the Medici, contend ardently and fiercely for the treasure. Away, then, with such folly! Let us content ourselves with good copies of unquestioned master-pieces, by good modern artists, commissioned for the special purpose, or rather encourage the productions of original and native genius by our praise and money—as, in purchasing furniture, food, and raiment, we are nice, careful, and judicious, so let it be equally a rule to exercise due caution and common sense in the selection of pictures and curiosities. And if this be done,—if the public can be enlightened on the subject, and made conscious of the tricks played off upon them by picture-dealers and manufacturers, and shall indignantly refuse to be hoodwinked and gulled by clever knaves, then may we expect to realize to some degree the hopes and fancies of the friends of Art, and a new era will dawn upon our Artists. But so long as the present prevailing fashion endures, and self-styled connoisseurs prefer smoked, cracked, and dingy paintings, dubbed with lofty names, to the works of our own gifted and complete masters of the brush, whose productions can always be obtained good and genuine, we must expect to witness abuses, villainy, presumption, and vulgarity reign supreme in the kingdom of the Fine Art, and see those, who, with proper appreciation and employment, would con-

for honor upon their country, condemned to a life of comparative obscurity and privation, while picture dealers and impudent charlatans reap the reward which merit and virtue alone should have and enjoy. Who, knowingly, will agree, by connivance or countenance, to become "particeps criminis,"—an agent in perpetrating so foul an abuse?

THE SAVOYARD.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

Every one in Paris remembers the brilliant marriage of M. Andrew J.—, who was one of the richest bankers in the Chaussee d'Antin—to Mlle. de V.—, only daughter of the Marquis de V.—, formerly the ambassador and a peer of France. It was celebrated last winter, with great pomp, at the chapel of the palace of Luxembourg, and in the magnificent hotel of M. J.—. But every body has not heard of the strange and charming episode that marked that aristocratic hymen, and which has given to the husband a reputation for originality without an equal.

It was the morning of the marriage. The equipages of M. Andrew J.— were waiting in the court-yard; and he himself waited for his witnesses in a saloon, gilded from top to bottom, when a valet announced the tailors of Monsieur.

Ten tailors entered, each carrying a large bundle under his arm; and all, like Roman augurs, could not look at each other without laughing.

These ten tailors brought fifty costumes of Savoyard chimney-sweepers, the size varying from eight to fourteen years, which they laid on the splendid arm chairs of the saloon. M. J.— examined, with the eye of a connoisseur, this collection of flannel waistcoats, of vests, and of small clothes, of a coarse kind of cloth, declared himself satisfied, and distributed two thousand francs among the tailors, who retired in astonishment.

After the tailors came the hatters, with fifty caps; then the shirtmakers, with fifty shirts; then the wooden shoe-makers, with fifty pairs of wooden shoes; and, lastly, the musical instrument makers, with fifty hurdy gurdys. All went away liberally paid, but each more amazed than the others, and asked themselves whether it was a bet, or some mystification.

M. J.— then called his office boys to him, and said to them:

"Go and scatter yourselves over all the quarters of Paris, and invite to dine with me all the chimney-sweepers you meet. Promise a louis to all those who accept; and, when you have fifty, bring them here. You will find, in my bath room, all that will be necessary for the washing of them, from head to foot. This operation finished, you will make them take these costumes, each fitting his size; then they will put themselves at the table in this saloon, whilst the other guests are dining in the next hall."

The boys retired, astounded; and repeated to themselves the order, before they could assure themselves that it was not a dream, and went to execute it, without being able to understand what it meant. It was one of the severest days of winter; a hard frost had succeeded the fall of snow; a pale sun shone on the glazed frost, without melting it. It was time to require fires in all the chimneys. In a word, it was the true harvest time of chimney-sweepers.

The messengers of M. J.— had no trouble in finding our Savoyards crying through the streets:

"From the bottom to the top! from the bottom to the top!

Sweep, Sweep.

The chimney, from the bottom to the top!"

Others chanting on the roof the ballads of the kitchen, or some *chansons*. Others sweeping the snow, and crying to all who went by:—"A little sous, my Colonel! my General! my Emperor!" etc., until the little sous silenced them; for no one knows or can practice better than the Savoyard the art of importuning.

Figure to yourself, then, the surprise of our young rogues, when, instead of a sous, they were promised a louis, on the only condition of their coming to a wedding feast. The good news ran from chimney to chimney, like a telegraphic despatch; in less than two hours you could not have found a Savoyard in Maubert place or Guerin-Boisseau street. All the chimneys which depended on them that day, were threatened by a great fire.

Having only the embarrassment of choice, the messengers of the feast bravely took the blackest, the dirtiest, and the raggedest; and when they entered the beautiful hotel of M. J. you would have said that the palace of Jupiter was carried by assault by Vulcan. The contrast was much more striking, when our little men met with a line of equipages which brought the nuptial train from Luxembourg. On one side were the liveries of gold and silver, the dresses of silk and velvet, the laces and jewels, the most elegant dandies and the handsomest ladies of Paris; on the other, the faces covered with soot and smoke, the matted hair and tattered clothes, on half naked bodies.

The brilliant guests looked away, and asked themselves what this meant. M. J.— fixed on the Savoyards a melancholy look, and seemed to say to himself; "Is the happiness here or there? It is here," he added, as he pressed his lips to the hand of his charming wife.

And he introduced her as a Queen into her palace, not without making signs to his servants to take care of the chimney-sweepers.

An hour afterwards, a stream as black as ink crossed the court-yard, on its way to the drain. It was from the washing of the filthy Savoyards, who at the same moment came out of the bath, as from the cauldron of Aeson, so much fairer and whiter, so much plumper and fresher, that they truly seemed to have changed their skin, and to see for the first time the air and sun. You would have said that a troop of frightful demons had been changed into cherubs or Graces.

The hour of feasting had come. A thousand lights, spouting from gold and bronze, caused the hotel to sparkle with brilliancy. After having visited the apartments, enriched by all that the taste of a millionaire could suggest, the guests proceeded to range themselves around a table arranged by Chevet, and had entirely forgotten the apparition of the chimney-sweepers.

Suddenly the folding doors opened. The saloon appeared illuminated, like the hall, garnished like that by a splendid feast, and, like that, filled with a crowd of joyous guests. You would have said that it was the scene of a theatre, or had been created by the wand of a fairy.

At the sight of this double party, everybody uttered a cry of surprise, except M. Andrew J. and his wife, who exchanged a smile of intelligence. But soon they could hardly believe their eyes or their ears, when they recognized the frightful Savoyards changed to the most beautiful little rogues in the world, all in new vests, neat wooden shoes, new caps, and all dancing and singing to the sound of their hurdy-gurdies, and thus preparing to eat from silver plates and drink from chrysal. It was like a vision of Savoy, such as it is represented by the poets and painters; it needed only the

smokey chimneys and mountains crowned with snow. With one hand M. J. pressed that of his wife, and with the other concealed his eyes, filled with tears. "My friends," said he, to his wealthy guests, "pardon me this whim. Having become to-day the happiest of men: I have desired to make those who are unhappy partake of my happiness."

This noble explanation was applauded by all, but they suspected that he had lifted only a corner of the veil, and, awaiting the explanation of the scene, the large and small guests dined together. The little ones, especially, indemnified themselves in an hour for all the days of fasting of their short life. The rich meats, the fine game, the exquisite ragouts, the exotic fruits, and even the wines of every growth were there. Carefully attended by the valets, they abused somewhat the abundance before them, and had nearly lost their reason, when M. Andrew J. rose and there was a profound silence.

"Well, my children," said he to the chimney sweepers, "have I attained my object? Are you happy?"

The children replied by stamping on the ground, and with cries of joy, which did not leave any doubt.

"We are amused for all our lives," exclaimed one of the largest, who did not presume to say anything unpleasant.

"Not for all your lives," replied the banker, "because you, too, are able to be happy by yourselves and make in your turn the happiness of others, if happiness consists in riches. I am going to prove it by relating to you a history which will show you how chimney-sweepers may become millionaires.

At this electric word the hundred little ears were erect as those of young horses just starting for a race.

"Yes, my friends," pursued M. Andrew J.—, "you can yourselves obtain a large hotel like this, gilded saloons, airy equipages, and dine every day, as you do here. Listen to the history of a Savoyard, whom I have known, and who was even more miserable than any of you. This lesson is well adapted to a nuptial feast."

"There was once a little chimney-sweep of your age. He was called *Sans-feu-ni-bieu*, because he had no longer any father or mother, or any shelter. The people of his village gave him a cage and a sparrow hawk, put some bread under his arm and a stick in his hand, pointed out France to him in the horizon, and said to him; "march, with the grace of God." *Sans-feu-ni-bieu* departed contented enough, lost sight of his steeple, eat his bread and shared it with his bird, but he found soon the end of it. He wandered then from village to village, singing for a sous, dancing enough for two, sweeping a chimney for a little supper and sleeping with the cows, or under the beautiful stars. He had in this manner traveled more than a hundred leagues, when he was surprised by snow in the midst of a large forest. He had walked on and on, as long as his legs would bear him, and he was not able to reach any house. The snow lay in heaps before him, and hunger was joined to his fatigue.

"He had eaten nothing for three days but roots. In a word he thought himself abandoned by God, he set his hawk on the ground, threw himself at the foot of a tree, buried his frozen hands in his breast, and sank fainting from inaction. It was all over, apparently with *Sans-feu-ni-bieu*. The snow fell continually and began to bury him, when all at once a sharp pain aroused him in an instant. It was his sparrow hawk, biting at his ear. He believed that his bird wished to eat it, and this terror reanimated him; but what was his surprise when he saw suspended to the bill of the bird a quarter of a roast hare, yet smoking and cooked. The hawk, half famished, had opened his cage and had gone to rob this prey from the feast of some coal burners, hard by. Judge of the feast the child and the bird made together. *Sans-feu-ni-bieu* saw that one should never despair of Providence, he thanked God on his knees, swore to aid himself as God had aided him, and to try by patience to gain every thing. He arrived first at the neighboring town, where he worked so well that he gained a hurdy gurdy. With this hurdy gurdy he gained a new coat, and entered joyfully into Lyons. He found there a master who did not take too much pains. He saved twenty francs; with these he learned to read, to write, and arithmetic. One day, when he was sweeping at the house of a burgess, he saw a boy seventeen years old shedding scalding tears because he could not do a hard sum which his father set him. The chimney sweeper laid down his scraper, did the sum in five minutes, and went singing again to the top of the house. But when he descended he found the citizen, who had discovered it all. He looked at him from head to foot, and asked him, "How much do you gain by the month?" "From ten to thirty francs, without counting the hurdy gurdy." "Well, you would gain a hundred francs if you would work for me." The next day, *Sans-feu-ni-bieu* had a fine coat and a good room. He entered as a clerk into the house of the citizen, who was a great mechanician. When he became eighteen years old his wages were doubled. Soon he perfected a machine invented by his master, and this gave him a patent and brought him in fifty thousand francs a year. At the death of the father he associated himself with the son, and both realized one hundred thousand crowns. Do you envy already the chimney-sweeper, my friends? Well, the bankruptcy of and associate ruined him, and he became again *Sans-feu-ni-bieu*. Do you know what he did then? He went back to the source of his fortune, he was not ashamed to be once more journeyman mechanist, and by his good workmanship he became again master, and instead of five-hundred thousand francs he gained a million. It is with that sum that he came to Paris and passed from mechanics to finance. He had reflected that machines ruined a good many workmen, and he had resolved not to make any more, remembering his condition at first, God had rewarded this honorable scruple.

To-day he has increased ten-fold his million; he is one of the first bankers of Paris: but he has forgotten neither his origin nor his misfortunes; and to prove this, my children, he has invited you to his wedding, in order to relate to you his own history; for *Sans-feu-ni-bieu* calls himself to-day, M. Andrew J. He has drowned his happiness by marrying the daughter of the Marquis de V."

"And this happiness he owes only to himself," cried Mlle de V., holding out both hands to her husband.

This narrative, which contained nothing new to his wife nor to the intimate friends of M. Andrew, was told by him with so much dignity, that his guests were proud to embrace the former chimney-sweeper, and the voices of the peers of France were mingled with those of the Savoyards, in one common acclamation.

"And now my friends," resumed the banker, "it is necessary for me to show you, before dismissing you, the instruments of my fortune; you can judge with your own eyes if they are in the reach of all of you."

Everybody followed M. J. into his cabinet. He opened his large strong brass chest, arranged with two divisions.

"See my millions, and behold what has produced them!"

They saw in the top thirty portfolios crowded with bank notes—and in the bottom the mean costume of a chimney-sweeper, a stuffed hawk, a hurdy-gurdy, and a pair of wooden shoes; then some mechanics tools—files, hammers, compasses, and instruments of measurement, all ranged and carefully kept by M. Andrew himself.

"Join to that, my friends," said he, "two other admirable tools—perseverance and economy, and you will raise, like me, your fortune, of which behold here the first stone."

He gave to each child a louis and a little book of five hundred francs in the savings bank, and after a new performance of dances of their country, our Savoyards retired, crying, "Long live M. Andrew J!"

Since this day, they have all shown themselves worthy of their good fortune. Some have become merchants, others learned a trade, many entered as office boys at the banker's, to learn their better how the chimney-sweeper became a millionaire. The most active earned five thousand francs in negotiating the shares of the Northern Railroad.

A. M. S.

Boston Atlas.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IV.—REAL GHOSTS, AND SECOND-SIGHT.

Dear Archy.—You will not expect, after my last letter, that under the title of real ghosts, I am going to introduce to your acquaintance a set of personages resembling Madame Tussaud's wax-work, done in air—filmy gentlemen, in spectral blue coats, gray trousers, Wellingtons; and semi-transparent ladies clad from the looms of the other world. No, Nicolai's case has extinguished that delusion. The visitant and his dress are figments of the imagination always. They are as unreal and subjective as the figures we see in our dreams. They are fancy's progeny, having under pressing circumstances acting rank, as realities. But, Archy, do dreams never come true? Let them plead their own cause. Enter Dream.

A Scottish gentleman and his wife were travelling four or five years ago in Switzerland. There travelled with them a third party, an intimate friend, a lady, who some time before had been the object of a deep attachment on the part of a foreigner, a Frenchman. Well, she would have nothing to say to him, but she gave him a good deal of serious advice, which I conclude she thought he wanted, and ultimately promoted, or was a cognisant party to his marriage with a lady, whom she likewise knew. The so married couple were now in America. And the lady, my friend's fellow-traveller, occasionally heard from them, and had every reason to believe they were both in perfect health. One morning on their meeting at breakfast she told her companions, that she had had a very impressive dream the night before, which had recurred twice. The scene was a room in which lay a coffin, near which stood her ex-lover, in a luminous transfigured resplendent state; his wife was by, looking much as usual. The dream had caused the lady some misgivings; but her companions exhorted her to view it as a trick of her fancy, and she was half persuaded so to do. The dream, however, was right notwithstanding. In process of time, letters arrived announcing the death after a short illness of the French gentleman, within the twenty-four hours in which the vision appeared. Exit dream, with applause.

I adduce this individual instance, simply because it is the last I have heard, out of many that have come before me equally well attested. I should have observed, that my information was the fellow-traveller himself: he told me the story in presence of his wife, who religiously attested its accuracy. You will meet with similar stories, implicitly believed, in every society you go into, varying, in their circumstances—a ghost being sometimes put in the place of a dream, and sometimes a vague but strong mental impression, a foreboding only. But the common point exists in all, that an intimation of the death of an absent acquaintance has been in one or another way insinuated into the mind of his friend about the time the event really took place. Instances of this kind, it will be found, are far too numerous to permit one off-hand to conclude that they have arisen from accident; that the connexion between the event and its anticipation and foreshadowing has been merely coincidence.

If you ask me how I would otherwise explain these stories, I will frankly avow, that it appears to me neither impossible, nor absurdly improbable, that the soul, or the nervous system, as you like of the dying man, should have put itself into direct communication with the thoughts of his absent friend.

Ah, ah! the last touch of the vampyr theory again! You were then very modest about your hobby, and pretended not to know him, and passed him off as my beast, and now you daringly mount him yourself, and expect to be allowed to pace him before us, in that easy and confident style, as if he were some well-known roadster of Stewart's or Ferrar's or Hibbert's, or Abercromby's. Now shall we shortly see you thrown, or run away with, or led by some will-o'-the-wisp into a bottomless slough.

Well, that at all events will amuse you.

But in the mean time did you ever hear of the Wynyard ghost? A late General Wynyard and the late Sir John Colebrook, when young men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was daylight—Mr Wynyard and Mr Colebrook both saw a figure pass through the room in which they were sitting, which Mr Wynyard recognised as a brother then far away. One of them walked to the door, and looked out upon the landing-place; but the stranger was not there, and a servant, who was on the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time the news arrived, that Mr Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition. Of this story, which I had heard narrated, I inquired the truth of two military men each a General Wynyard, near relations of the ghost—seer of that name. They told me it was so narrated by him, certainly, and that it had the implicit belief of the family.

Another similar, double-barreled ghost story I recently had narrated to me, and was assured it rested on evidence equally good. I have heard of several others being in existence.

Now, if these stories be true, to suppose the events mere coincidences, or rather to believe them to be so, would be an immense stretch of credulity. The changes would be millions to one against two persons, neither of whom, before or after, experienced sensorial illusions, becoming the subject of one, and seemingly the same illusion at the same moment—the two hallucinations coinciding in point of time with an event which they served, in the mind of one of the parties at least, to foreshadow. I prefer supposing that the event so communicated really had to do with, and was the common idea of the sensorial illusion experienced by both parties.

To speak figuratively, my dear Archy—mind, *figuratively*—I prefer to think that the death of a human being throws a sort of gleam through the spiritual world, which may now and then touch some congenial object with sudden light, or even *lucis*, when they happen to be exactly in the proper position; as the twin

spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far off flash, while the countless roofs below lie in unbroken gloom.

Pretty well, indeed! I think I hear you say—Very easy, certainly! But, perhaps, you will be kind enough to give us a trifle more grounds for admitting your hypothesis than you have yet vouchsafed. Likewise a little explanation of what you mean might be of use, if you seriously hope to reconcile us to this most prodigious prance.

I shall be happy to give you every reasonable satisfaction. Then, in the first place, I propose to establish beyond the possibility of doubt or question, and at once, that the mind of a living human being, in his ordinary state may enter into communication with the mind of another human being likewise in his everyday state, through some other channel than that of the senses, in their understood and ordinary operation, and as it would seem *immediately and directly*; so that it becomes at once intimately acquainted with all the former affections, feelings, volitions, history of the second mind.

Henrich Zschokke, I need hardly say, is one of the most eminent literary men now living in Europe; one, too, whose life has not been exclusively occupied with the cultivation of letters, but who, having been early engaged in public and official employments in Switzerland, the country of his adoption, has been practically tried and proved in sight of the world, in which he has always borne a high and unblemished character; one, finally, whose writings and whose life have happily concurred in winning for him general respect, esteem and confidence. Then in a sort of autobiography which Zschokke published a few years back (*Selbsschau*, it is entitled—*Self retrospect*) there occurs the following passage, which I translate and give at length, from its marvellous interest, from its unquestioned fidelity from the complete and irresistible evidence it affords that the phenomenon enunciated in the last paragraph, occasionally turns up in men's experience.

"If the reception of so many visitors was occasionally troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally, either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon the subject, not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers upon first seeing them is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression, which through an instinct of the soul, attracts one towards, or repels one from another, becomes after a time more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our being accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases, of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others again are incredulous and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances, belonging to one or another particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period, I am usually so completely plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face on which I was idly speculating, nor hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary on the test of his physiognomy. For a long time, I was disposed to consider those fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture and other accidents of the scene. Till on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a sempstress, who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before.

"Nevertheless the hearers were astonished and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person in as much as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me, the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradictions or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer, it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me, when the listener replied, "It happened as you say," or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one, which at the time made a strong impression upon me:—

"On a market-day, (fair-day,) I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Rebstock. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table, when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in common with the belief in mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like.

"One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their railing begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candour, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events which my dream vision had furnished me with, and the table learned the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes and finally of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong-box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room, with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money chest, &c. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, which I broke in upon, only by occasionally asking whether I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now, I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would act under given

circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were perfectly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that the dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift—which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of my volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possessor of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolean, who travelled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauenstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him, he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds to the no little amusement of the peasants, and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself or to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

It appears to me, my dear Archy that the remarkable statement which I have thus put before you, completely establishes that, in reference to the past, the mind occasionally receives knowledge through other than the known and ordinary channels; and that the simplest and most natural interpretation of the facts narrated, is to suppose that, under special circumstances, one mind can put itself into direct communication with another.

And I think that these considerations give a front and plausibility to the hypothesis, that, in some cases of dreams and sensorial illusions, which have turned out true and significant intimations of the death of absent persons, there may have been at the bottom of them a relation established between the minds or nervous systems of the distant parties.

I will now go a step further, and throw out the conjecture, that the mind may occasionally assert the power of penetrating into futurity, not through a shrewd calculation of what is likely to come to pass, but by putting itself in relation with some other source of knowledge.

For I think it cannot be doubted that there is something in the superstition of second sight, which formerly prevailed so extensively in Scotland, in the northern islands, and Denmark. Every one has heard and read of this pretended gift. I have no evidence, I must confess, to offer of its reality beyond that which is accessible to every one. But I have heard several instances told, which, if the testimony of sensible people may be taken in such marvelous matters as readily as on other subjects, evinced foreknowledge. The thing foretold has generally been death or personal misfortune. Sometimes the subjects has been more trivial. A much-respected Scottish lady, not unknown in literature, told me very recently how a friend of her mother's, whom she well remembered, had been compelled to believe in second sight, through its manifestation in one of her servants. She had a cook, who was a continual annoyance to her through her possession of this gift. One one occasion, when the lady expected some friends, she learned a short time before they were to arrive, that the culinary preparations which she had ordered in their honour had not been made. Upon her remonstrating with the offending cook, the latter simply but doggedly assured her that come they would not, that she knew it of a certainty; and true enough they did not come.

Some accident had occurred to prevent their visit. The same person frequently knew beforehand whether their mistress's plans would be, and was as inconvenient in her kitchen as a calculating prodigy in a counting-house. Things went perfectly right, but the manner was vexatious and irregular; so her mistress sent her away. This anecdote would appear less puerile to you, if I might venture to name the lady who told it to me, and who believed it. But as I said before, I do not build, in this branch of the question, upon any special evidence that I have to adduce. I rely upon the mass of good, bad, and indifferent proof there is already before the world, of the reality of second-sight. I have, of course, not the least doubt that more than half of those who have laid claim to the faculty, were not possessed of it. I have further no doubt that those who occasionally really manifested it, often deceived themselves, and confounded causal impressions with real intimations; and that they were nuisances to themselves and to their friends, through being constantly on the lookout for, and conveying warnings and forebodings, and that the power which they possessed, was probably never useful in a single instance, either to themselves or others—those only having gained by the superstition, who were mere rogues and impostors, and turned their pretended gift to purposes of deception.

I shall now proceed to inquire how far it is conceivable that the mind or soul, its usual channels of communication with external objects, the senses namely, being suspended and unemployed, may enter into direct relation with other minds.

There is a school of physiological materialists, who hold that the mind is but the brain in action; in other words, that it is the office of the brain to produce thought and feeling. I must begin by combating this error.

What is meant by one substance producing another? A metal produced from an ore; alcohol is produced from saccharine matter; the bones and sinews of an animal are produced from its food. Production, in the only intelligible sense of the word, means the conversion of one substance into another, weight for weight, agreeably with, or under mechanical, chemical, and vital laws. But to suppose that in order to produce consciousness, the brain is converted, weight for weight, into thought and feeling is absurd.

But what, then, is the true relation between consciousness and the living brain, in connexion with which it is manifested?

To elucidate the question, let us consider the parallel relation of other imponderable forces to matter. Take, for instance, electricity. A galvanic battery is set in action. Chemical decomposition is in progress; one or more new compounds are produced; the quantitative differences are exactly accounted for. But there is something further to be observed. The chemical action has disturbed the omnipresent force of electricity and a vigorous electric current is in motion.

The principle of consciousness is another imponderable force which pervades the universe. The brain and nerves are framed of such materials and in such arrangements that the chemical changes constantly in progress under the control of life, determine in them currents of thought and feeling.

We must be satisfied with having got thus far by help of the analogy; nor try to push it further; for beyond the fact of both being imponderable forces, elec-

tricity and consciousness have nothing in common. They are otherwise violently unlike; or resemble each other as little as a tooth-pick and a headache. Their further relations to the material arrangements through which they may be excited or disturbed, are subjects of separate and dissimilar studies, and resolvable into laws which have no affinity, and admit of no comparison.

But upon the step which we have gained, it stands to reason, that the individual consciousness or mind, habitually energizing in and through a given living brain, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, and very conceivably, be drawn, under circumstances favourable to the event, into direct communication with consciousness, individualized or diffused elsewhere.

Accordingly, there is no intrinsic absurdity in supposing that Zschokke's mind was occasionally thrown into direct relation with that of a chance visitor through favourable influences; that the soul of Arnod Paole, as he lay in his grave alive, in the so-called vampyr state, may have drawn into communion the minds of other persons, who were thereupon the subjects of sensorial illusions of which he was the theme;—that the mind of Joan de Arc may by possibility have been placed in relation with a higher mind, which foreknew her destiny, and in a parallel manner displayed it to her.

Individual facts may be disputed or attributed to mere coincidence, but as soon as their number and singularity and authentication take them out of that category, the explanation offered above cannot be put aside as *prima facie* absurd. Like other first hypotheses, indeed, it will, if received for a time, have ultimately to make way for a correcter notion. Still it will have helped to lead to truth. I am quite indifferent to its fate. But I am not indifferent to the reception the facts themselves may meet with which I have adduced it to explain. It is true that nothing can be more trivial and useless than the character in which they present themselves. Disconnected objectless outbreaks they seem, of some obscure power, they may be compared to the attraction of light bodies by amber after friction, and are as yet as unmeaning and valueless as were the first indications of the electric force. Therefore, doubtless are they so commonly disregarded.

It is not indeed unlikely, that on looking closer, a number of other incidents, turning up on trifling or important occasions, may be found to depend on the same cause with those we have been considering—things that seem for a moment odd and unaccountable something more than coincidences, and are then forgotten. The simultaneous suggestions of the same idea to two persons in conversation, the spread of panic-fears, sympathy in general, the attraction or repulsion felt on first acquaintance, the intuitive knowledge of mankind which some possess, the universal fascination exercised by others, may be found perhaps, in part to hinge on the same principle with Zschokke's seer-gift.

Among the odd incidents which this train of reflection brings to my mind, (which you are at liberty to explain in the way you like best,) I am tempted to select and mention two that were communicated to me by Admiral the Honourable G. Dundas, then a Lord of the Admiralty, and in constant communication with his colleague, Sir Thomas Hardy, from whom he received them. They were mentioned as anecdotes of Lord Nelson to show his instinctive judgment of men. They both go further.

When Lord Nelson was preparing to follow the French fleet to the West Indies, Captain Hardy was present as he gave directions to the commander of a frigate to make sail with all speed,—to proceed to certain points, where he was likely to see the French,—having seen the French, to go to a certain harbour, and there wait Lord Nelson's coming. After the commander had left the cabin, Nelson said to Hardy, "He will go to the West Indies, he will see the French, he will go to the harbour I have directed, but he will not wait for me. He will return to England." He did so. Shortly before the battle of Trafalgar, an English frigate was in advance of the fleet looking out for the enemy; her place in the offing was hardly discernable. Captain Hardy was with Nelson on the quarter deck of the Victory. Without any thing to lead to it, Nelson said "The Celeste" (or whatever the frigate's name may have been)—"The Celeste sees the French." Hardy had nothing to say on the matter. "She sees the French; she'll fire a gun." Within a little, the boom of the gun was heard.

Socrates it is well known, had singular intimations, which he attributed to a familiar or demon. One day being with the army, he tried to persuade an officer, who was going across the country, to take a different route to that which he intended; "If you take that," he said, "you will be met and slain." The officer neglecting his advice, was killed as Socrates had forewarned him.

Timarchus, who was curious on the subject of the demon of Socrates, went to the cave of Trophonius, to learn of the oracle about it. There, having for a short time inhaled the mephitic vapour, he felt as if he had received a sudden blow on the head, and sank down insensible. Then his hand appeared to him open and to give issue to his soul into the other world; an imaginary being seemed to inform him that, "the part of the soul engaged in the body, entombed in its organization, is the soul as ordinarily understood; but that there is another part or province of the soul, and among other offices constitutes conscience; in three months," the vision added, "you will know more of this." At the end of three months Timarchus died.

Again adieu. Yours &c,

MAC DAVIS.

FELICIEN DAVID THE COMPOSER.

FELICIEN DAVID was born in Cadeuet, (South of France,) on the 8th of March, 1810. His father, who had a large fortune, and possessed extensive property in the West Indies, before the revolution of St. Domingo, was obliged to return to France in 1790, and died at Cadeuet in 1815, leaving four children, of whom Felicien was the youngest.

Felicien David, from his infancy, showed the most astonishing musical talents. When only thirteen years of age, and an *enfant de chœur* in the church of Aix, he composed hymns and motets of remarkable melody. At eighteen, he left the Jesuits of Aix, an orphan without resources. He was placed in a notary's office, which he soon left to become the second leader in an orchestra; and, in 1829, he became the Maestro di Capella of St. Sauveur Church at Aix. It was about that time that he wrote many songs and nocturni, in three or four parts, which even now would be admired.

David had, at Aix, an uncle rich enough to assist the young musician; unfortunately the gentleman was a miser, and had no respect for the fine arts.—So, when David left his little provincial town, to go and study at Paris, all he could obtain from his generous relation, was an allowance of ten dollars a month, which was stopped after a few months.

After having studied through bass with Lesueur and Reber, fugue and counterpoint with Fetis, and organ and extemporization with Benoit, M. David adopted the new religion of St. Simon, and left the conservatoire to become the organist and composer of religious choruses for Fathers St. Simon and Enfantin. After the breaking up of the St. Simonian establishment at Meud-

montant, several members of that society intended to go to the East. M. David was one of them, and he carried with him an excellent pianoforte, which had been given him by a pianoforte manufacturer of Lyons. We shall not follow the artist during the two years which he spent in the East; it will be sufficient to say that he could have become the favorite of a Pacha, but he was anxious to return to France. He left Cairo on the 18th of February, 1835, at the time the plague was killing two hundred persons a day at Alexandria. Not wishing to embark there, he travelled to Syria by land. This is a fine journey for an artist. To see Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, St. Jean d'Acra, the ancient Tyre, Sidon—to cross the desert when the mind is stored with the remembrance of Constantinople, Smyrna, with its handsome women, Rhodes, that chivalric island, Cyprus, Chios, and the sunny islands of the Archipelago. Think of the people of these different countries, with their rich and characteristic dresses—their harsh or sweet language—and tell if they do not form matter for exalting the imagination of an artist! These impressions have been translated by David, in the most poetical manner, in the symphony *Le Desert*.

On the 19th June, 1835, M. David landed in Marseilles, where he gave a concert, at which his Oriental compositions were favorably received. He arrived in Paris in August of the same year, for the second time. His first care was to publish the *Brisces d'Orient*, for pinanoforte, which were in six numbers. He expected great success, but their beautiful melodies remained unknown, because the publishers did not recognize a new name, and consequently did not puff him in the papers. Sad and dispirited, but conscious of his genius, he lived for two years in the closest seclusion, writing symphonies for full orchestra, after Beethoven's school. One of these symphonies was performed at Valentine's concert, in 1837, but for want of notice, was only known and appreciated by artists and *connaisseurs*. After several years of solitude, in which he had to struggle against almost abject poverty, at the recommendation of his friend, he made a resolution to strike a decisive blow for reputation. Money was advanced to him, and he prepared himself to give a concert, on the 1st of December, 1843. The room was taken, and preparations were going on, when unexpected circumstances obliged him to postpone the concert which was to decide his fate. He thought then of turning the postponement to his advantage, by writing a new work in a novel style, and so constructed as to produce a striking sensation. Still under the impression of his magic remembrance of the East he looked for some poet who could enter, with himself, into these ideas, and found the very man in one of his former companions in Egypt, Mr. Augustus Colin, of Marseilles. This writer composed the poem of the *Desert*, the music of which was made in the space of about three months, from April to July, 1844.

The symphony of *Le Desert* was performed in the concert hall of the Conservatoire in Paris, on the 8th of December, 1844, and excited an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of musical art. The glory of M. David has reached its utmost height, and fame has made his name popular throughout Europe.—Brilliant prospects await him in future time, and France will count in her history, another fine writer. In spite of all his triumphs, to his credit be it spoken, David is still as modest as when his name was unknown.

The following lines were written by him to a friend shortly after the production of *Le Desert*: "At last I am rewarded for all my studies and struggles. Last night I gave my second concert at the Italian opera house; my success was grand and still greater than on the first night. The *elite* of Paris attended. This new performance has consecrated my triumph. I have received these ovations without intoxication; I know what they will require of me in future. I have now a vast responsibility, and with the help of God, I trust that I shall not be inferior to myself in my new works."

Since its performance in Paris, it has been given in almost every capital of Europe, with astonishing success. In London, particularly, it bore down triumphantly all opposition which prejudice and envy thrust in its way. In America, a like enviable fate awaits it now. It is, in fact, a master-picture of desert-life. It is startling, original, full of beautiful melody, characteristic music, and of marvellous effect. There is not an atom of charlatanism about it—there is no resemblance to the music of young France, of which Berlioz is the unhonored head; it is the music of a musician, and a sterling one, too. The score is devoid of all trickery, the splendid effects are produced by legitimate means, and proves that wild and eventful as the Composer's life has been, he has ever borne in his remembrance his early education in the true school.

THOMAS HILL AND GEORGE COLMAN.

When I first became acquainted with this gentleman, he was proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror Magazine*, and was carrying on business as a drysalter in Queenhithe, in which ultra civic locality, but much more frequently in his cottage at Sydenham, it was his pride to collect around his hospitable board the literati, artists, wits, and actors of the day. He seems fully to have shared the ambition of Monsieur d'Oliver, in Chapman's old comedy of that name.—"I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall, at certain hours i'th' day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed."

To compare the Sydenham merry meetings, to which I have alluded, with the Sorbonne, sounds, indeed, somewhat absurd and presumptuous, since they were neither more nor less than friendly symposia, at which the Amphitheatre sought to assemble a few of the "men of wit and pleasure about town," and to allow them a boundless latitude for the display of their respective talents and humours. That our worthy host should assume the character of a literary patron, and of a dramatic critic, for his magazine, was chiefly noted for its theatrical articles, evinced an ambition which, however honourable, was little in accordance with his qualification, of no literary attainments, of somewhat inelegant manners, and even of no real predilection for the arts in any of their higher departments. But he was cordial, convivial, proud of the novel reputation attached to the name of a civic *Mæcenas*, and rich enough, at that time, to indulge his fancy, which, indeed, did not involve any serious expense, for his entertainments, though always abundant, were never costly.

The ground-floor of the house of business in Queenhithe being used as a warehouse, I passed through a whole wilderness of casks and carboys, bales, boxes, and other recipients, containing the multifarious stock of a drysalter, and ascending the stairs, was ushered into the room where I first had the honour of being introduced to the celebrated George Colman, the younger, whom I so rarely encountered afterwards, that I may say, almost literally, "*Virgilium tantum vidi.*" The exact year of this occurrence I cannot recall. His appearance disappointed me, for the addition to his name had led me to expect a person with some pretensions to juvenility, whereas I beheld a man beyond the middle age, of stout figure, and heavy aspect, lolling in his elbow-chair, with

the aspect of one whose energies, both bodily and mental, had lost more of their elasticity than his years would warrant. For some minutes after my entrance, he sat silent, gazing from the window, which looked out upon a small wharf and stairs on the river bank, until his eyes began to twinkle, and his grave features to relax as he said in substance, for I do not pretend to remember his precise words.

"Hill! I have long thought of it, and I have now determined to do it.—From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand." I will write a comedy, of which you shall be the principal character, and it shall be called, '*The Literary Drysalter*; or, *The Mæcenas of Queenhithe*.' Nay, don't get so red in the gills. It will immortalise you. You shall be embalmed and dried in your own salt, as a drysalter ought to be—You will make a capital character; I mean dramatically of course; nobody will suspect me of speaking in any othersense."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the hoarse gutteral voice of our host, whose round, ruddy, full-blown face assumed a deeper purple, while his gray eye betrayed a feeling of alarm, "How can you talk such nonsense!"

Perceiving the effect his menace had produced, the dramatist followed up the blow by gravely suggesting a variety of scenes [which might be rendered highly effective in the contemplated comedy, inquiring whether he might bring the hero on the stage in civic robes, as Alderman *Mæcenas*; and finally asking, with an air of the most serious interest, whether he sold spirits of turpentine!

"Sir, I have at this moment one hundred and eighty-seven carboys of spirits of turpentine in my warehouse," was the reply.

"Good, good; and they are highly inflammable, I believe!"

"Nothing more so."

"Better and better! Now, Hill, you are short-sighted, you know. You shall drop your spectacles in the warehouse; in groping for them you shall drop the candle; the whole warehouse shall be presently in a blaze; our last scene shall bear that of 'Lodoiska,' you shall make your escape after your garments have caught fire, like those of poor Mrs. Crouch, and you shall be extinguished by throwing yourself into the Thames. But stay, that will never do. How can we represent a drysalter in the water?"

Poor as was the jest, we all laughed heartily, for its utterer was an acknowledged wag, and a rich man's tinsel will always pass current for genuine gold.

"Hill," resumed the dramatist, still gazing from the window, "you can never be dull! here plenty of society, eh! waterman and carmen, *Arcades omnes*, ever exchanging, in the same gentle strains that I now hear Amboine lays worthy to be immortalised with the piscatory eclogues of the poet. How pastoral, too, the river's bank when the tide is out, and primroses and violets give their odours to the air in the form of drowned puppies and kittens! On a summer's evening I suppose you wander occasionally among yonder sugar hogheads on the quay, singing aloud 'through circling sweets I freely rove,' or listening for the musical patters of some housemaid Amaryllis. Well, well, don't look sheep-faced. *Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori*. Queenhithe is altogether a scene for lovers; and hark! don't I hear the feathered choir, the voice of birds?"

"Birds, sir, we have no birds here; the sound that you hear is the creaking of the cranes."

"Well, my good friend, and cranes are birds, aren't they?"

The wag was now the first to set the example of the laugh, in which we all heartily joined, and ere it had subsided dinner was announced.

In addition to Hill's besetting sin of imagining all his own geese, and all the geese of all his friends to be swans, he was an inexhaustible Quidnunc and gossip, delighting more especially to startle his hearers by the marvellous nature of his intelligence, not troubling his head about its veracity, for he was a great economist of truth; and striving to beat down and crush every doubt by ever increasing vehemence of manner and extravagance of assertion. If you strained at a gnat he would instantly give you a camel to swallow; if you boggled at an improbability he would endeavor to force an impossibility down your throat, rising with the conscious necessity for exertion, for he was wonderfully demonstrative, until his veins swelled, his grey eyes goggled, his husky voice became inarticulate, his hands were stretched out with widely dispersed fingers, and the first joint of each thumb was actually drawn backwards in the muscular tension occasioned by his excitement. Embody this description in the figure of a fat, florid, around little man, like a retired elderly Cupid, and you will see Hill maintaining a hyperbole, not to say a catachresis, with as much convulsive energy as if he believed it! And yet it is difficult to suppose that, deceived by his own excitement, and mistaking assertion for conviction, he did not sometimes succeed in imposing upon himself, however he might fail with his hearers; otherwise he would hardly wind up, as I have more than once heard him, by exclaiming,

"Sir, I affirm it with all the solemnity of a death-bed utterance, of a sacramental oath."

Blinded by agitation and vehemence he could no longer see the truth, and went on asseverating until he fancied that he believed what he was saying.—This, however, was in the more rampant stage of the disorder; there was a previous one, in which he would look you sternly in the face, and in a tone that was meant to be conclusive, and to inflict a death-blow upon all incredulity would emphatically ejaculate,

"Sir, I happen to know it!"

If this failed, if his hearer still looked sceptical, he would immediately play, at double or quits with his first assertion, adding a hundred per cent. to it, and making the same addition to the positiveness with which he supported it, until he gradually reached the rabid state, in which he would not condescend to affirm any thing short of an impossibility, or to pledge any thing short of his existence to its literal veracity.

This would seem to involve a *reductio ad absurdum* from which it was impossible to escape; but our Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was an adroit dodger, and when he saw that his position, spite of his most solemn averments, was no longer tenable, he would abandon it without beat of drum, take up some other which no one had ever disputed, and begin to defend it with an assumed ardour, as if the new ground had been all along the sole object of controversy. It was a standing joke with Hill's friends to decoy him into some extravagant statement which "he happened to know;" to see him lash himself into fury as he attempted to flounder and bluster out of the meshes in which he became every moment more deeply entangled; and to mark the quietude with which he would finally desert the falsehood for which he had battled so fiercely, and entrench himself in some totally irrelevant truism which he knew to be unassailable.

An opportunity of playing upon this foible soon occurred, and Colman was not the man to suffer it to escape. After dinner our host placed upon the ta-

ble some *Vin de Juarncon*, introducing it with his usual flourish of blatant trumpets, as the growth of a small district on the northern frontiers of Spain, of impossible obtainment, and of most exquisite flavour. After tasting it, universal assent, a very rare sequence to one of Hill's averments, was instantly granted to the latter clause, and the dramatist, whose potent Bacchanalian sympathies were instantly aroused, exclaimed, as he smacked his lips and refilled his glass,

"Hill, thi is really capital stuff! where can I get some of it?"

"Nowhere sir! it's not to be had for love or money, sir; they have none of it at Carlton House; the prince would give his ears for a bottle, but there's not one, not a pint of it to be had in all England, for I bought up the whole of the only lot that was imported."

"Glad to hear it, Hill, I suppose you possess a good quantity."

"Sir, I have twenty-seven dozen, and eight bottles in that closet."

"Indeed! I should have thought it would not hold so many. Are you quite pellucid, quite clear as to quantity; sure you have made no mistake?"

"You're right, you're right! I recollect now, I have made a mistake, it was forty-seven dozen and eight bottles."

"What in that small closet? Impossible, my dear Hill!"

Two or three of the company, anxious to see the maximum to which these glass-men in buckram might be multiplied, maintained that the quantity mentioned might easily be stowed away in the closet, small as it undoubtedly was: whereupon our Amphitryon, with a brow-beating air, and a tone that were meant to challenge further doubt, exclaimed—

"This is not a matter for discussion, it is a question of fact, and what I have asserted I happen to know, d'ye hear me sir, I know it, for I counted the bottles twice over this very morning, twice, I tell you. Is that evidence, and does it, or does it not establish the fact?"

A menacing look was cast around the room to see who dare to pick up the gauntlet, but we all waited for Colman, who quietly asked,—

"Have you altered, or put in any additional shelves in that closet since you showed me your scarce books in it last week?"

"No; I have only taken out the books and put in the wine."

"Then, if you will produce the key and open the door of the closet, which you cannot refuse to do, I will not only pledge myself to show that you have not any more than four dozen and eight bottles, but I will prove by measurement the physical impossibility of its containing more than that quantity."

Numeration of bottles and measurement of shelves were so little congenial to Hill's frame of mind, that he saw the necessity for changing the *venue*, as the lawyers say, and instantly exclaimed, with an air of indignant surprise,—

"Well sir, and would you deny that four dozen and eight bottles of *Vin de Juarncon*, is a capital stock! Will you name me the wine-merchant in all London who can supply you such another stock? Pooh, pooh! don't tell me. I know what I'm talking about. Do you know such a wine-merchant in all England, do you, or you or you? No, not one of you. I was quite sure of it. That is all that I ever maintained and you now admit it. Ah! I was quite sure you would end by acknowledging all that I have ever asserted. Pooh! pooh! I happened to know it."

A general laugh attested our sense of this Protean substitution, and the butt of our merriment, notwithstanding the great reduction we had already effected in his nominal stock of wine, thought it wise to propitiate us by fresh and frequent extracts from the measurement four dozen and eight.

The lion of the night now took himself so sedulously to his potations that he had no leisure to roar for our amusement, and at a later hour our host, knowing his habits, plied him with hot brandy and water, under the influence of which he finally fell fast asleep in his arm chair. While Homer was thus nodding, the *Mecenas* of Queenhithe entertained us with a partial recapitulation of the "many hundreds" of literati, artists, actors, and scholars, particularly and proudly specifying Professor Porson, who had dined with him at different times, or to use his own words, who had had their *legs under his mahogany*, rather a homely version of Horace's *sub iisdem trahibus*.

Some weeks after this dinner-party, I accompanied Hill in a morning visit to Coleman at Melina Place, in the rules of the Beach, in which locality his pecuniary embarrassments had long compelled him to reside. He invited us to return and sup with him, but an engagement unfortunately prevented my compliance, and I never afterwards had an opportunity of personally encountering George Coleman, the younger.

Pleasant and kind-hearted as he was, Coleman was by no means free from the petulance of the irritable race, an impeachment which will be admitted by any of my readers, (alas! they can be but few,) who recollect the first appearance of the "Iron Chest," in 1796. The audience were put out of humor by the prosy character of Old Adam Winterton, personated by Mr. Dodd; but the author, imagining the partial failure of the first night was attributable to the tame acting of John Kemble, rashly penned a most sarcastic and illiberal attack upon him, which he published in a preface to the play. His cooler judgment, however, induced him to suppress it, a confession of its injustice, which induced a "candid and discerning public" to pay thirty and even forty shillings for the first edition. Some years afterwards I remember telling Hill that I wanted a copy for a friend, and had not been able to find one.

"Not find one! no, of course you can't. Why didn't you come to me? I happen to have some scores, hundreds."

I took one copy, and left the remaining hundreds in *nubibus*.

Coleman afforded another instance of his touchiness, by his furious onslaught on the reviewers, who in noticing his poems, entitled "My Night Gown and Slippers," had justly condemned the ribaldry which polluted the writer's wit, and referring to his mature years, had applied to him the reproach addressed to Falstaff, "How ill gray hairs become a fool and jester!" Here he had not only a bad, but an indefensible case, and his anger and vituperation of his judges only served to confirm the justice of their sentence. Strange! that the man who, as a writer of harmless farces had sheltered himself under the *nom de guerre* of Arthur Grifflinchoof, should not only avow, but attempt to defend, an objectionable volume of poems. Stranger still, that the same writer who had allowed himself so very broad a latitude in his own plays should, when he became dramatic licenser, exercise a squeamish fastidiousness in supervising the works of others, which could hardly have been surpassed by a Puritan Maw-worm. As if for the purpose of illustrating Swift's position, that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas, his prurient delicacy discovered immodest meanings where none were dreamt of by the writers; the name of the deity, however reverently introduced, was instantly expunged; and all sorts of swearing, even where conventional usage sanctioned it as a venial expletive, was blotted out by the sanctimonious censor. *Apropos* to this rigour, I remember an anecdote of my friend Tom Dibdin, some one talking to him about his forthcoming play, asked him where the scene was laid, "At Rotter," was the reply.

"Rotter! where's that? I never heard of such a place."

"Nor I either," resumed the playwright, "it was Rotter-dam, but Colman has struck out the *dam*."

Though I saw so little of Colman himself I was well acquainted with the majority of his dramatic works, having been present on the first night's performance of the "Iron Chest," in 1796; of "Bluebeard," in 1798; of the "Poor Gentleman," in 1802; of "John Bull," in 1805; of the "Heir-at-Law," "Blue Devils," and "Love laughs at Locksmiths." For a long term of years, indeed, I was never absent from a first night's performance at either of the patent theatres. *Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* I, who in those days always had an admission-ticket for the season, and by an annual retaining fee generally secured the best seat in the best box, now suffer many a year to elapse without ever entering a theatre!

Before I close this brief and slight notice of George Colman, the younger, let me communicate to my readers the pleasure that I myself feel in recording that his widow, the once beautiful and fascinating actress, Mrs. Gibbs, is still living in good health, at one of our fashionable watering places. If I cannot say in the inflated language applied by Dr. Johnson to Garrick, that her retirement from the stage "diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure and eclipsed the gaiety of nations," I venture to predict that she, whose rare tragic talent afforded so much delight to playgoers in her youth and maturity, will receive their cordial and unanimous wishes for the extension of her old age, in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

ENGLAND'S LOVE OF PEACE AND READINESS FOR WAR.

(From the *Examiner*.)

There is not a country in the world so desirous of peace as England, and that there is none better prepared for war the brilliant campaign on the Sutlej most strikingly shows. It is clear that our arms have not rusted in peace, and that the service was never in a higher state of efficiency. And this observation does not apply merely to the forces in a part of our immense empire. Whenever our soldiers and sailors have been put to the trial, the same prowess has been manifested, with the same glorious and rapid success. In China, in Syria, in Scinde, and in the retrieval of the Afghan disasters, they have proved themselves irresistible, and it has been one career of triumph. There have been no protracted wars; no barren campaigns; England has only had to stretch out her arm to strike, and the foe has been crushed.

We have seen gigantic Russia opposed for two years by feeble Turkey, we have seen her defied and repulsed by the petty robber chief of Khiva, and bending her power for years against the Circassians, who have held her at arm's length, often defeating her, and in her small successes leaving her little to boast.

France in Algeria presents another example. Whole armies have been absorbed there. A deluge of blood has been wasted like water split in the desert. It is the vain labour of the Danaides, with this difference, that the sieves are to be filled with blood. The work is for ever to begin again; victory and disaster taking their turns without end; Abd-el Kader crushed for ever one day, and making head again the next.

Yet in Algeria France has a terrible military school. It has been described as the soldier mill, into which three men are put and ground into one doughty warrior. It might be supposed that there was nothing that such an army could not effect; but yet they effect nothing—nothing decisive. True, they have an elusive enemy to deal with, and when they beat the Arabs it is like threshing water. We do not deny the peculiar difficulties, though we have a notion that if England had chosen to encounter them, she could have found better methods of coping with them; but let the causes of the failure of the French be what they may, there stands the example of her long losses and miscarriages in comparison with England's instant success, wherever the power of her arms has been put forth. Let it be that England makes better choice of her objects; that she does not involve herself in schemes of conquest beyond her strength; such explanation is praise enough, which assigns to her the armed wisdom of which Pallas was the type. Whatever the occasions are, there are always the conduct and courage to meet them; and the sword is not long out of the scabbard, nor ingloriously returned to it. Proportionate indeed to the reluctance with which it is drawn, is the dazzling rapidity with which it performs its task.

And most satisfactory it is to note, that no love of war, no lust for conquest, grows upon these successes. The nation, proud as it is of its triumphs, prizes them most as securities for future peace, not as encouragements to war; the public is never more pacific in its dispositions and aspirations, than at the successful termination of hostilities.

It is not for vain-glorious boast that we have made the comparison between the rapid achievements of England and the protracted wars and imperfect successes of other powers.

The lesson we would note is this: that the country whose interests and whose disposition are most strongly pacific, is, nevertheless, the best prepared for war, and the promptest and most successful in vindicating her cause by arms whenever she is compelled to it. As England has no love for war, so, when she is in it, she is happily able to make short work of it. Other people are as brave, but somehow or other they have not the same knack of giving effect to their bravery; at least so it appears in the comparisons that have happened to be presented within the last twenty years.

We often join in the grumblings at the management of the navy; but maintaining still that there are occasions and opportunities of improvement, it is our thorough conviction that the two services were never in a higher state of efficiency; and that never were there in them so many able and zealous men devoted to their professions, and thoroughly skilled in them. The last example of what they can do we rate of inestimable value, not only as regards the safety and peace of the Indian empire, but as it must tend to discourage the propensity to war in other parts of the world. England has her share of faults; she is overbearing and proud, and much too proud for vulgar bluster; but people who have drawn false inferences from her disdaining to play the braggart, will have learned to correct their mistake on seeing how she acquires herself when reluctantly forced into quarrel—the might she exerts with such wondrous ease—the mettle that works miracles, like that of the heroes who marched up to the Sikh tete de ponte, vomiting the fire of two tiers of admirably served cannon, as if in parade order, halting to close up their ranks when rent by the storm of round shot and grape, and toiling through nearly a mile of heavy sand, as if they had nothing to do with but the disadvantages of the ground, and the shot and shell were nothing to them except as they deranged the correctness of the line. Rich as are our annals of war in all circumstances of conduct and bravery, we question whether they present any equal to that gallant exploit, in which the native troops so largely and gloriously shared.

THE WAR SHIP OF PEACE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang,
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet, take thy harp and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
That girds thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
That wafts her o'er the sea,
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
Thy voice of prouder days,
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
Let Erin's voice proclaim,
In bardic praise, on every hill
Columbia's glorious name.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A friend of mine was married to a scold—
To me he came and all his troubles told.
Said he, " She's like a woman raving mad!"
" Alas!" said I, " my friend, that's very bad."
" No, not so bad," said he; " for with her, true,
I had both house and land, and money, too."
" That was well," said I.
" No, not so well," said he;
" For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another.
I was cast; the suit was lost;
And every penny went to pay the cost."
" That was bad," said I.
" No, not so bad," said he
" For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep.
All fat, and fair, and fine they were to be."
" Well, then," said I, " sure that was well for thee."
" No, not so well," said he;
" For when the sheep I got,
They ev'ry one died with the rot."
" That was bad," said I,
" No, not so bad," said he;
" For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an oaken vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store."
" Why, then," said I, " that's better than before."
" No, not so well," said he;
" For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat, and make the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes.
" That was bad," said I.
" No, not so bad," said he;
" For, what is best,
My scolding wife is gone among the rest!"

A TRIP TO THE SOUTH—NO. 9.

SAVANNAH.—(Concluded.)

The Methodists have a church at Savannah, but it is the least attractive public edifice in the city: and not at all in keeping with the places of worship belonging to that well ordered religious community wherever else I have met with them. It is badly lighted, the walls are dingy and disfigured by the greasy heads of the more youthful portion of the congregation—one of whom, at an early hour, takes possession of the extreme end of each bench, the more deliberately and conveniently to stare at the females as they arrive and take their seats on the opposite side of the house; the absurd practice prevailing here of separating the sexes; and who never turn their heads except to eject a portion of tobacco saliva on the floor.

The Baptist church is in the centre of the city, and is a handsome built edifice, where a clergyman of the name of Williams officiates. While I was at Savannah, a split took place in his congregation, the cause of which it was difficult satisfactorily to trace; unless, indeed, as was generally believed, it originated in the Reverend gentleman having wisely determined to act for himself in a case with which his hearers had nothing to do. The movement, however, so forcibly exhibits the correctness of a remark contained in one of the late Quarterly Reviews, that I need not, I am sure, apologise for introducing it here:

" The precocious manhood of the youth of the United States," says the reviewer, " restless, excitable, ardent, and self willed, pays and votes and speaks in the church; and in its reckless, go-ahead enthusiasm, must have talent, smartness, magnetizing energy, forced 'revivals,'—in a word it would convert the pulpit into a galvanic battery. If the minister does not come up to their mark, the young men combine, and agitate against him. If he would keep his ground, he must strain after novelty and effect—he must strive to startle; and while thus torturing his own mind, he distorts the features and dislocates the members of evangelical truth. There is no fixedness, no sense of harmony about his office. In the pulpit he is a mere tenant at will. His right to speak there, hangs on the feverish caprices of a boyish despotism."

In the present instance another ingredient was thrown into the cauldron. I heard Mr. Williams some three or four times; he appeared to me to be a pious and benevolent man, with a superior and well cultivated mind, and whose sermons might be listened to with advantage, by those who were not rendered impervious by prejudice. In the division that took place, a large portion of his congregation adhered to him; and so far as my daily intercourse with the community enabled me to judge, he had the public sentiment decidedly in his favor.

There is a very respectable academy at Savannah, conducted with ability by the Messrs Preston, and another under the direction of the Rev. Mr. White, an Episcopal minister of the same name as the gentleman who officiates at St John's church; who possesses a very extensive collection of geological specimens and minerals; which, at a future period, I may have it in my power to describe.

The Sisters of Charity, a society of females of the Roman Catholic persuasion, have two well regulated schools for the education of children of both sexes, which are kept in a handsome building, recently erected through the perseverance and exertions of the Rev. Mr. O'Neil, aided by the liberal pecuniary means which were afforded by the inhabitants of Savannah.

There is an Orphan Society in the city, where a number of female children attain the rudiments of education, and which is supported by several ladies of the place. I met these orphans occasionally on their way to places of worship on Sundays; they were plainly attired, and there was too much uniformity in their dress,—each one wearing a sort of Rob-Roy shawl—a badge of their dependent and destitute condition, that should not be tolerated in this republican country.

The bad taste and tendency of this ostentatious display of charity, is finely hit off by Dickens in his Dombey and Son, where the nurse is made acquainted with her child having been put to a charity school, and compelled to wear a pair of leather breeches: whose maternal anxiety to see him in this habiliment, procured for her a prompt discharge on the part of the inexorable Mr. Dombey.

The Westminster Review, for September, also has some appropriate allusions to the same subject; and very properly condemns these institutions wherein " the very first position in which a child is placed, is analogous to that of a beggar. He is made to feel that he is a receiver of alms; and learns to consider it no shame. The first spark of honest pride, if ever kindled in his breast, dies away within him; the first exercise of his reasoning powers only lead him to discover that there are other ways of getting through the world than by self exertion, and he becomes a tame, spiritless, and nerveless creature."

It is to be hoped, therefore, that every distinctive emblem of dependence, will be removed from the female Orphan Asylum at Savannah—that a more varied costume will be permitted—and that in educating these poor innocents thus thrown destitute upon the charities of the real, or ostensibly humane, a higher rule will be adopted, and not that at present observed; one better adapted to the institution of caste in the East Indies, than for the condition of the inhabitants of a free country, where the humblest child may by the turn of fortune's wheel, be placed in the most elevated post of society.

It was in Georgia that the celebrated Whitfield built an Orphan House in 1740, where poor children were to be lodged, clothed, fed, and instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, by means of charitable contributions; but the site was an unwholesome and sterile spot, with a climate no better suited to his purpose than the soil.

About thirty years after its erection it was burned to the ground, and few or none of the children who were there educated, became useful members of society, and exemplary patterns of religion. Whitfield however, did not live to see the ruin of his work; and after his death was brought from New England, where he died, and interred there.

Of this celebrated man it had been said by a writer who was by no means lavish in his praise that, "while he was worshipped by the vulgar, men of superior rank and attainments, found him the polite gentleman, and the facetious and jocular companion. Though he loved good cheer, and frequented the houses of the rich, yet he was an enemy to all manner of excess and intemperance. He well knew how to keep up the curiosity of the multitude, and in his roaming manner, stamped a kind of novelty on his instructions. To habitual sinners, his address was for the most part applicable and powerful; and with equal ease he could alarm the secure and confirm the unsteady. In short, though it must be acknowledged he had many failings, yet in justice it cannot be denied that religion in America owed not a little to the zeal, diligence, and oratory of this extraordinary man."

The Masonic Fraternity of Georgia, as is the case in every part of the United States I have visited during the last twelve months, is highly respectable, and in a flourishing condition; and I am indebted to its members in Savannah as well as elsewhere, for many social and happy hours spent in their society. During my stay in that city, the annual installation of officers took place in the Royal Arch chapter, and in the different lodges, which on two occasions was performed in open lodge, when a number of ladies graced the ceremony with their presence.

This is a decided improvement upon the ancient custom of the craft, and forms a kind of set off for the concealment of secrets, that are locked up in the bosoms of relatives and friends. At the installation of Solomon's Lodge, which was thus attended, John Hunter Esq., the Deputy Grand Master, by whom the duty was performed, gave a concise and interesting account of the introduction and progress of masonry in the northern parts of this continent;—into the de-

tails of which time and space will not permit my entering. In the course of the evening, Col. Jackson, a member of the bar, produced a Past Master's jewel, which had been presented to a relative by the same Lodge just fifty years before; and requested that it might be deposited in the archives, to be worn by the oldest Past Master at any time visiting the lodge. When the ceremony was concluded, cake and lemonade were handed round to the ladies; after which an hour or two were spent in sprightly and agreeable conversation. The installation of the council and other officers of the Royal Arch Chapter, was performed by William Duncan, Esquire, Past, H. P.—a respectable merchant of Savannah, and the evening was spent in a similar agreeable and rational manner.

While at Charleston, I was informed by Dr. Mackay, that the Grand Pursuivant's sword, that was presented by Sir Geston Leigh, in 1731, is still in the possession of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina.

I cannot conclude my notice of Savannah without—more briefly than I intended—alluding to a private library, the property of Alexander Smets, Esq., which I had the pleasure of visiting, an evening or two previous to my departure. This gentleman is actively engaged in business, yet finds time after the labors of the day are completed, to devote three or four hours to literary enjoyment.

His means have enabled him to collect a number of choice and valuable works, autographs, &c., which have cost him *twenty thousand dollars*. Midnight surprised us, before the friend who introduced me, or myself, were aware of its approach; so completely were we occupied with the extraordinary and splendid scene before us. Fortunately, as I took but few notes, I obtained a copy of the "Magnolia," a work which contained an account of some of the most valuable of the books; from which I have selected some of the most prominent in the writer's own words; with which I am sure the readers of the Anglo American will be gratified.

"The library of Mr. Smets," observes the author, "contains about 5000 volumes; but its value does not so much depend upon its numbers, as upon the character of the authors and the celebrity of the editors. It consists mostly of English works combining, in an eminent degree, intrinsic worth, bibliothecal rarity, and an elegance of binding, approaching to splendour. It is rich in ancient manuscripts, in early printed works, and in the luxurious and costly volumes of modern times. It embraces many of the standard authors, in the departments of literature and science, and is remarkable for the range and appropriateness of its selection." The oldest manuscript in the library, is one executed in the ninth century. It is a copy of the "Moralia in Job," written in the sixth century by Gregory the first; it is a large folio written in Latin on vellum in double columns, with clean and easily deciphered letters. On the fly leaf in a different hand, is a prayer for the soul of Charlemagne."

"The next in chronological order is the beautiful manuscript of "Le Roman de la Rose! We are carried back to the days of the trouvères and Troubadours, to the romantic chivalry and Provencal poetry of the thirteenth century, where eyes of beauty ruled in courts of love and the chansons of minstrels rang in baronial hall and lordly castle. The manuscript is a large quarto, double columned, with the initial letter of each line rubricated, and set out at a little distance from the stanza, the top letter of each column being ornamented with curious heads, arabesques and devices. The character of the work has been variously estimated.—Sismondi says, no book was ever more popular than the Romance of the Rose."

"The next manuscript we shall mention, is a splendid octavo copy of "Rabanus Machaberam libro duo," from Lord Egmont's celebrated collection. It was written between 14 and 1500 upon very delicate vellum, and the chirography is the most exquisitely fine I have ever seen. It is richly illuminated with a variety of pictorial devices, mostly in gold and blue. The margins are also beautifully wreathed with flowers, spangled with silver and gold, which give a most magnificent appearance to the pages they encompass. A number of manuscript missals in Latin, grace this collection. These missals were collections of separate liturgical services for the convenience of the priests; and contain many of the orisons and ceremonies of Gregory the First, and even earlier Popes."

"But the most splendid and costly of these devotional works, written about 1420, is an elegant octavo volume, containing fourteen of the most finished paintings, representing the annunciation the appearing of the angels to the shepherds, the manger scene, the visit of the magi, the flight to Egypt, &c. The colouring of these drawings is brilliant, and exhibits the freshness of yesterday, while the lining is accurate and sprightly; and the whole is beautiful beyond description."

"Some old albums and the autograph manuscripts of more modern authors, enrich the Library of Mr. Smets; among these is a rare and splendid specimen of Egyptian Papyrus; and we are suddenly transported to the bank of the Nile—to Egypt, not as it now is, with its dilapidated sphinxes, its fallen obelisks, its crumbling pyramids: but to Egypt as it was in the days of the Pharaohs, and the Ptolemies; when its schools gave philosophy to Greece—its marts commerce to the Aegean, and its name to the world. The papyrus before us is about 20 inches long and 10 inches broad, and beside its many hieroglyphic characters, contains six pictorial designs, embracing a great variety of figures in the Egyptian style of drawing; and is supposed by the best authorities to be 3000 years old! The specimen in the Library of Mr. Smets once sold for £150—666 dollars."

There are in that gentleman's collection a number of interesting albums two centuries old, bearing the manuscripts of some of the most distinguished men in the seventeenth century; among these is the name of Oliver Crom-

well, written by himself in a quarto bible.—It is labelled "Woburn Abbey, No 2373. There is also the manuscript history of Scotland by Sir Walter Scott, with the proofs corrected by himself, and the original manuscript Life of Sir J More, by Sir J. Macintosh. I shall merely notice one or two more works that are in Mr. Smets' Library, and which are connected with the invention of Printing and its introduction into England. The first of these is entitled "Augustine Liber de Sancta Virginitate, printed at Metz in 1460—about five years after the perfection of the art of printing, by using metal types cast in matrices formed by punches.—The other is "The Polychronicon; conteyning the Berynges and Dedes of many tymeys, in eyght booke, &c imprinted William Caxton in 1482, after having somewhat changed the rude and old Englishe, that is to wete, certayn wordes, which in these dayes be neither vsyd ne understanden." What must have been the state of the English language at that time, when this rude and uncouth dialect was considered an improvement.

On the day following my visit to this Library I had an opportunity of inspecting a part of the numerous and valuable collection of Autographs in the possession of J. H. TEFFTS Esq. a gentleman who for years has with great industry and perseverance, been engaged in procuring specimens of the hand writing of some of the greatest men of Europe and this country, among which are the signatures of all the officers of the General Government, from the inauguration of Washington to the present day, and I regret that I cannot bestow upon this valuable collection, a more lengthened notice.

E. W.

New Orleans, May 18, 1847.

Miscellaneous Articles.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

In the spring of 1818, I found that my old friend, Mr. A. S.—, an intimate friend of Lord Byron, and one of the most celebrated chess players in Europe, was in Rome, where I then happened to be. I called upon him at his hotel. On the table beside which he was sitting lay a gold watch, chain, &c. In the course of conversation, he pointed to the watch, and said there was an adventure connected with it: that he had been robbed of it by Italian footpads on the high road between Velletri and Rome, a few months before. And thus he told the tale:—

"I was riding in the vettura, and had got out to stretch my legs, and to look about me more at ease. I was walking behind the vettura at a considerable distance; it was then ascending a steep rise in the road, when, all at once, three men in peasants' dresses suddenly sprung out upon me from the road-side. Two of them instantly pinioned my arms, while the third stood in front of me with a knife upraised in his hand, and made a sign to me to be silent. I never felt more uncomfortable in my life. The thing came upon me so unexpectedly that I felt chilled.—[Mr. A. S.—, as we know, was one of the most bold and determined men living. Let this scene teach foolish braggarts to distrust their own courage in an ambuscade like this]—I was so surprised by the suddenness of the attack, that I remained motionless in the men's hands. The robbed me of everything valuable I had about me, and of that watch, &c. on the table. They then let me go, and I made the best of my way to overtake the vettura, which was now getting out of sight. When I got to Rome I gave information of the robbery to the authorities. In a few weeks the robbers were caught, and that watch, &c. found in their possession. But the rascals had been meddling with my watch, and spoiled it. I shall not be able to get it repaired here." The men were punished, but I forgot how.

Highway robbery is generally punished by death in the papal states; and I have seen the heads of robbers and murderers grinning in cages, and their arms suspended on gibbets by the wayside, in these states, in 1818.

This same gentleman, Mr. A. S.—, years afterwards, when I met him in Edinburgh, soon after the death of his intimate friend Lord Byron, mentioned to me a robbery he had suffered in Egypt; and I must state this to his credit as a humane man. He was in his tent, half asleep, when he was aware of some one searching about his couch. He looked up, and, in the bright moonlight, saw his servant making off with his money-bag.

Mr. A. S. always kept loaded pistols under his bolster. He drew one out. "Did you fire at the man?" said I.

"Why should I do so?" said Mr. A. S. "what he robbed me of was not worth a human life! I could have shot the man with perfect ease, being a sure shot, and the man in the bright moonlight just before me; but I let him escape."

This gentleman is the same who performed the great feat of swimming with Lord Byron from the Lido to the Grand Canal at Venice. Mr. A. S. told me how this happened. One day at Venice, Lord Byron and Mr. A. S. and a certain Italian count, happened to be together. The Count began to boast of his swimming feats; Lord Byron suddenly turned to Mr. A. S. and said, "This will never do, S.—, we must take the shine out of this fellow!"—[The Count did not understand English, in which Byron spoke to S.—.] Thereupon a bet was made to swim from the Lido to the Great Canal, a very formidable distance. Gondolas were got, and the swim began. On went Byron, and on went Mr. S.; but very soon the Count had to be picked up, half drowned, into a gondola! On went the other two till they reached the entrance of the Great Canal at Venice, and then Byron got into a gondola, and saying "Look, S.—, I am not at all done out!" jumped into the water, and dived two or three times, and then came up and put on his clothes. Mr. S. assured me that it was all he could do to keep up in the swim with Byron, and that when they got to the Grand Canal, Mr. S.'s teeth were chattering, and his whole body so benumbed that he could have done no more, while Byron was quite lively.—*Letter in the Scotsman*.

SKETCH OF EUGENE SUE.

M. Eugene Sue, whose fictions are at present so popular, was born at Paris on the 10th of December, 1804. The Empress Josephine and her son Prince Eugene Beauharnois, were his godmother and godfather. The Sue family is very ancient, and has been established for many years at Lacolme, near Cannes, in Provence. It is still represented there by M. Sue, a retired officer of high rank, and great-uncle to our author. The majority of Eugene Sue's relatives have been physicians of great celebrity. Our author's father was chief physician to the Imperial Guard of the Russian campaign, and has also published several popular works. Eugene Sue himself, according to the wishes of

his father, entered upon a medical career. He was surgeon attached to the military suite of the king; then to the staff of the army in Spain in 1823; and also, in the same campaign, to the seventh regiment of artillery. He was present at the siege of Cadiz, at the taking of Trocadero, and at that of Tarifa. In 1824 he quitted the land for the naval service. He made several voyages in the Atlantic; and having traversed the West Indies, he returned to the Mediterranean, visited Greece, and in 1828 was present in the ship "Breslau" at the battle of Navarino. On returning from this campaign he renounced the navy and medicine, and took up his abode at Paris, where, thanks to the handsome income he enjoys as a paternal inheritance, he was enabled to lead a life of brilliant happiness. His favorite occupation was painting, which he studied at his friend's, the celebrated Gudin. The idea of turning novel writer was not thought of by Eugene Sue till 1830, when an old comrade of the artillery happened, in conversation, to remark that as "Cooper and Marryat had made the sea romance popular, he ought to write his recollections, and create the maritime romance of the French." This pleased our author. He quitted the painting brush and took up the pen. His first work was "Kernock the Pirate," the success of which caused him to continue to write, following the dictates of a lively and fertile fancy. Thus appeared in succession numerous works. M. Eugene Sue at present inhabits, in the heights of the Faubourg St. Honore, a little mansion covered with creeping plants and flowers, which overarch the peristyle. A fountain plays in his most beautiful of gardens, in the midst of rocks and sea plants, and a long close gallery, walled in with sculpture and plants, leads from the house to a little outer gate hidden under an artificial rock. The interior of the house is composed of small apartments, somewhat confined, and rendered obscure by the flowers hanging down the windows. The furniture is crimson, with golden nails; the sleeping apartment alone is lighter, and of a blue color. There is scattered about a little of every style—Gothic, Renaissance, Fantastic, and French. The walls of the drawing room are hid by works of art, painting, and sculpture, various curiosities, family portraits, masterpieces, and works of modern artist, his friends. Glorious names shine in every part—Delcroix, Gudin, Isabey, Vernet, &c. A drawing of Madaine de Lamartine, and some verses of the illustrious poet, occupy a conspicuous place. One picture in particular has a privileged situation upon canvas, in the midst of the coquettices of the drawing-room. It is an anchorite of Isabey, of terrible effect, forming a remarkable contrast in that little temple of luxury. The favorite horses, dogs, &c., of M. Sue are the subjects of the majority of the remainder, painted either by himself or by M. Alfred Dedreux. In all these we detect traits of character, a passion for luxury and strong emotions, with a reaction towards retirement and meditation, and enlightened taste for the fine arts, and a love of animals and plants. Among the many authors who may be termed successful, few have attained a popularity so extensive as Eugene Sue.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON OUTWITTED.

I heard an anecdote, the other evening (of Sir Isaac Newton), from the mate, which I never met with before. Some conversation about the weather led to it. We were standing on the quarter-deck, beside one of the guns, in the time sacred to yarn-spinning, namely, the first night watch. Sir Isaac, one evening riding in the Highlands, was pursuing his way at a leisurely pace, and being in some difficulty as to the right road to take, asked the direction from an old shepherd whom he met on the road-side. The man told him that it was some four or five miles off, adding, that he had better not lose time on the way, as before he could get there he would stand a chance of being wet through by a very heavy shower, which would take place before long. Sir Isaac looked on every side, but could see no indications of the threatened rain, and said as much to the man. To this the man only replied by a repetition of his warning, to make the best of his way home, for before he could reach it he would get a soaking. Sir Isaac still seemed incredulous, but as he could get nothing more out of the obstreperous old man, rode quietly away. However, before having proceeded very far, the rain fell in torrents. He was completely puzzled. His philosophic mind was thoroughly excited; he could not conceive how this simple and apparently uneducated man had obtained such an insight into the changes of the atmosphere, and with the true humility of a great man, that never despises instruction, even from the humblest source, immediately turned back to learn from this wonderful shepherd how he knew that there was going to be rain. After he had ridden a short distance he found the old man, and asked him the question; but "na," he would not tell him. Sir Isaac offered him a shilling if he would communicate his secret, but in vain, the man only shook his head. Five, and ten shilling were successively offered, still the old man was obdurate. Sir Isaac Newton, in increasing intense curiosity, raised his bribe to twenty shillings, but without effect; and at last, in despair, offered him a five pound note if he would tell him. The man looked cunningly at him, and then said he must have the money first. The money was immediately handed over, and the shepherd led the philosopher to one side; looking for a moment amongst his flock, he pointed out an old ram: "That ram of mine," he said, "always shoves his face till a bush when it's going to rain, sir, and that's the way I know."

AN OLD IRISH BANKER.

In the town of Killarney was one of those banks, the proprietor of which was a kind of saddler, whose whole stock in that trade was not worth forty shillings; but which forty shillings, if even so much, was the entire amount of his capital in the banking concern. I once accompanied a large party of English ladies and gentlemen to that enchanting spot, where having amused ourselves for a few days, we were on the point of returning to Dublin, when one of the party recollects that he had in his possession a handful of the saddler's paper. Accordingly, we all set out, by way of sport, to have them exchanged; one principal object being to see and converse with the proprietor of such a bank. Having entered the shop, which barely sufficed to admit the whole company, we found the banking saddler hard at work making a straddle. One of the gentlemen thus addressed him:—"Good morning to you, sir! I presume you are the gentleman of the house."

"At your service, ladies and gentlemen," returned the saddler.

"It is here, I understand, that the bank is kept," continued my friend.

"You are just right, sir," replied the mechanic; "this is the Killarney Bank, for want of a better."

My friend then said, "We're on the eve of quitting your town; and as we have some few of your notes, which will be of no manner of use to us elsewhere, I'll thank you for cash for them."

The banker replied, "Cash! please your honor, what is that: is it anything in the leather line? I have a beautiful saddle here, as ever was put across a horse; good and shape, upon my say so. How much of my notes have you, sir, if you please?"

This question required some time for an answer, calculation being necessary; at length my friend counted them out as follows:

	s. d.
Three notes for 3d. each.....	0 9
Two ditto for 4d. each.....	0 8
Two ditto for 6½d. each, half a thirteen.....	1 1
Three ditto for 8½d. each, three-fourths of a thirteen.....	2 1½
Two ditto for 9d. each.....	1 6
One ditto for 1s. 1d. or one thirteen.....	1 1
One ditto for 1s. 6d.....	1 6
One ditto for 3s. 3d. or three thirteens.....	3 3
One ditto for 3s. 9½d. or three thirteens and a half.....	3 9½

Total..... 15 9

"There, sir," said he, "are no less than sixteen of your promises to pay, for the amazing large sum of fifteen shillings and ninepence, sterling money."

"I should be sorry, most noble," returned the banker, "to waste any more of your lordship's time, or of those sweet, beautiful ladies and gentlemen; but I have an illgant bridle here, as isn't to be matched in Yoorup, Aishy, Afrikey, or Merikey; its lowest price is 15s. 6½d.—we'll say 15s. 6d. to your lordship. If ye'll please to accept it, there will be a twopence-halfpenny or threepenny note due to your lordship, and that will close the business at once.

Gilbart's History of Banking in Ireland.

FRUITS OF FANATICISM.

A man must be very bold who can look upon the present activity of fanaticism and express his decided conviction that no serious evil is to be apprehended from it. I confess it appears an object of the most serious and rational alarm. I see no characteristic of danger which it wants; it is subtle, rapid, secret, seductive, and utterly inexpugnable by reason and argument. It breaks out, not here, where there is reason and education to restrain it, but it begins in poverty, in darkness, and in diseases, working its way upwards, and poisoning everything that is good and happy in our nature. As it ascends, it takes all sweetness and comfort out of religion, and makes earth a hell, God a tyrant, and man a wretch. It is a dismal thing to see the fair works of nature married; it is not pleasant to look even at a fading flower or a blighted plant; but of all wretched spectacles, the most wretched is to behold a mind blighted by fanaticism—suspecting its reason, suspecting its happiness, panting for misery—seeking for safety in tears and in sadness—believing that man will be cruelly judged for every gleam of happiness which shoots across his mind, and gilds his existence with its passing splendour. It is impossible to describe the gloom and the misery which fanaticism is everywhere producing, or the degradation of human reason, and the destruction of comfort by which its course is marked.—*Sydney Smith's Sermons.*

COMMON SENSE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One of Cromwell's officers, an ignorant fanatical fellow, had made a motion, that all lawyers should be excluded from parliament, or, "at any rate, while they sit in parliament, they should discontinue their practice," introducing his motion with a violent invective against the conduct of lawyers both in and out of the house, and being particularly severe upon their loquacity in small causes, and their silence when the lives of their clients were at stake. White-lock showed that the multiplicity of suits in England did not arise from the evil arts of lawyers, but from the greatness of our trade,—the amount of our wealth, —the number of our contracts,—the power given to every man to dispose of his property as he pleases, by will, and to equal freedom among us, by which all are entitled to vindicate their rights by an appeal to a court of justice. He showed that the silence of counsellors on capital cases was the fault of the law, which kept them silent; and, "he ingenuously confessed that he could not answer that objection, that a man, for a trespass to the value of sixpence, may have a counsellor to plead for him; but that where life and posterity were concerned, he was debarred of that privilege. What was said in vindication or excuse of that custom,—that the judges were counsel for the prisoner,—had no weight in it; for were they not to take the same care in all causes that should be tried before them? A reform in that defect he allowed would be just."—But it was nearly 200 years before that reform came, and, I am ashamed to say, it was to the last opposed by almost all the judges.—*Lord Campbell's Chancellors.*

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

At eight o'clock in the morning we were beside the wharf at Montreal: it is of great extent, reaching nearly a mile up the river, and very solid, built of handsome cut stone. It is broad and convenient for purposes of commerce; vessels of five hundred tons can discharge their cargoes there. Immediately above the town, the rapids of Lachine forbid further navigation. The city extends along the river nearly two miles, the depth being about one half the length. The public buildings are calculated for what the place is to be,—at present being perhaps too large and numerous in proportion, though fifty thousand inhabitants dwell around them. The neighboring quarries furnish abundant materials for the architect, and the new shops and streets are very showy. The French cathedral is the largest building in the New World; its proportions are faulty, but it is nevertheless grand mass of masonry; ten thousand people can kneel at the same time in prayer within its walls. The town is well lighted, and kept very clean, full of bustle, life, and activity,—handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses, of cut stone, are springing up in the suburbs, and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye. Some of the best parts of the town are still deformed by a few old and mean buildings, but, as the leases fall in and improvements continue, they will soon disappear. Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and about one-third of that breadth. All this district is very fertile; the revenues belong to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, one of the orders of the church of Rome, and are very ample.—The Mont Royal alone varies the level surface of this island. The parliament house, the seat of government, the military head quarters, and the public offices of Canada, are in this city; the trade is very considerable; within the last few years it has rapidly increased, and is increasing still. The export of corn to England opens a mine of wealth, while in return its wharves are crowded with our manufactures and the luxuries of other countries. The people are fully employed, and live in plenty; but there are occasionally disturbances among them, occasioned by the collision of the English, Irish, and French races. The elections are carried on with much excitement and bitterness of feeling, but usually end in the success of the conservative principle. Society also is much divided; there is but little of that generally social feeling which characterizes Quebec. Their entertainments have more display, but are far less agreeable

than those of the sister city, and among the different coteries of the inhabitants there is not apparently much cordiality. Montreal would be considered a very handsome town in England, and in bustle and activity far surpasses any one of its size there ; the wharves, hotels, shops, baths, are also much finer ; it possesses quite a metropolis appearance, and no doubt it will, ere long, be the capital of a great country. Few towns in the world have progressed so rapidly in size, beauty, convenience, and population, within the last few years, and at this present time its commerce is in a most prosperous condition. You see in it all the energy and enterprise of an American city, with the solidity of an English one. The removal hither of the seat of government from Quebec and Kingston, has, of course, given it a considerable impulse of prosperity, at their expense ; but it is still more indebted to its excellent commercial position, and the energy of its inhabitants.—*England in the New World.*

Another celebrated *comedienne*, Mademoiselle Mars, has paid the debt of nature to the "grim destroyer." She died on the 23d, and for three days crowds filled the room in her house in the rue Lavoisier, where her body lay in an open coffin, with a large bunch of violets on the breast. On the 26th it was removed to the Madelaine, whose front and interior were hung with black cloth trimmed with silver lace. All the literary men and theatrical artists of Paris were present, including Sue, Hugo, Dumas, Rachel and Mme. Talma, now the Countess de Malot, and while waiting for the ceremony to commence, many a picturesque anecdote of the deceased went the rounds. Her chief failing was an unwillingness to appear old ; when she was summoned to testify at the Court of Cassation, some ten years since, her comrades all attended, to hear what age she would give, knowing that she was born in 1779—"Forty five years," was her answer to the clerk ; and when again summoned to the witness box in 1842, she answered with the same promptness, "always forty-five!" Mademoiselle Mars was not irreproachable, but here talent covers a multitude of sins. Her eldest son walked behind the hearse, arm-in-arm with a marshal of France, a peer was one of the pall bearers, a foreign Ambassador's carriage was in the funeral train, and upward of 4,000 people followed to *Pere la Chaise*.

While the frequenters of the Palais Royal Theatre are laughing at a farce called "La Chambre a deux lits," in which two individuals, by a complication of errors, marry the same lady, truth is shown to be stranger than fiction, by the reports of a case under trial at the Palais de Justice, in which two widows lay claim to the pension of a deceased general. He married one of the claimants during the reign of Napoleon, was condemned to death with Marshal Ney, at the second restoration, though he had managed to escape, and the judgment was to be definite unless he presented himself for the King's mercy within five years. Not over pleased with his wife, from whom there was no chance of obtaining a divorce, he preferred to become extinct in the eyes of the law, but while in snug retreat somewhere in Germany, consoled himself by a second marriage. Recalled to France after the revolution of 1830, he ratified this second marriage ; last year he died, and the two widows, thus left more or less inconsolable, are now disputing his military inheritance *ante judicem*.

How to make Green Peas.—If dried pear, either for soup or eating whole, are soaked until they vegetate (about two days) they will taste as sweet as green peas.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP HIBERNIA.

The steamship Hibernia, Captain Ryrie, arrived at Boston on Thursday morning. She sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday the 19th ult.

The intelligence is eleven days later than that brought by the Rainbow. It was transmitted over the telegraph wires. The news is particularly important.

The cotton trade has suffered severely from the pressure which has prevailed in the monetary circles, but greater amount of business is being done and prices have an advancing tendency.

The estimated stock of cotton in Liverpool on the 14th inst. was 518,500 bales at the same time last year 780,870—thereby showing a deficiency this year of 262,370 bales.

The smallness of the stocks of grain all over Europe, and the consequent scarcity of provisions becomes the more felt, and high as prices were previously, a further and importunate advance has taken place in the value of bread stuffs, in many of the near continental ports within the last fortnight. The means to carry on the next harvest and the doubt generally entertained whether enough will reach from foreign countries, to make up for the home deficiency, have been the causes of the late advances ; and the shortness of the supplies from the growers—the rapid diminution of the stocks in the granaries, at the different maritime ports ; and the general tone of the advices from abroad, have afforded ample grounds for apprehensions.

Wheat has, however, now reached so high a point, as to put it beyond the reach of the lower classes. A greatly contracted consumption must therefore follow, and this may perhaps be the means of staying any further immediate rise on the present value of Canadian and wheat—

The quotations show arise of 7s 6d to 8s per quarter on the former, and 8s 6d to 9s 6d on the latest accounts from the continental markets show that much scarcity now prevails in several parts, but as the navigation was opened large supplies were expected to come down the river in a very short time, whereby the wants of the people of those countries would not only be supplied, but that numerous cargoes would be transported to these kingdoms.

Accounts from Smyrna dated 30 ult., mention that grain had further declined in value and that the accounts from adjacent localities on the subject of the crop were decidedly of a nature greatly to allay future anxiety, while the estimate made of the quantity available for present necessities, exceeded all previous returns.

The market for American cured provisions keeps steady, and as there is little or nothing of this description of goods now arriving from Ireland, the importations from the United States in most instances meet ready sale. The value of beef, pork, and ham, is much the same as last noted. Bacon, however, in consequence of the scarcity of Supplies, and particularly of fresh meat, which ranges from 7 1-2 to 9d per lb, has an excellent demand, and the rates now current at from 2s to 3s above those last noted ; of cheese, the arrivals during the past fortnight have been of a limited character, prices consequently have advanced 1s per cwt—the prices now obtained vary from 42s to 55s cwt—according to the quality.

The pressure upon the money market has been more severe than has been experienced for years past ; matters, however appear to be improving. During the last week there has been an increase in the deposits to the extent of five hundred and seventy thousand pounds, which the rest, and the reserve, have also increased considerably.

The Bullion has increased to the extent of a quarter million, these favourable circumstances have enabled the Bank to discount more freely, even on bills that have had as much as 3 months to run, advances were made to bankers at 5 1-2 per cent on promissory paper.

The pressure during the last fortnight has been most intense, but by extraordinary efforts and sacrifices, credit has been preserved. The position of affairs is now this—the extreme pressure is gone, but money still remains extremely scarce and dear, far too dear for the profitable prosecution of business.

Quotations for all the several stocks, though lower than the closing prices of the last steamer, must be understood to become to two per cent higher than the lowest prices during the interval. A very decided improvement took place between the 8th and 18th instant.

There can be no doubt that the bank is in a steadily improving position. The present amount of bullion held by the establishment is estimated by very competent judges, to be ten millions ; whilst the reserve of the bank notes is nearly four millions.

It was stated in the French Chamber of Peers on the 10th inst., by the minister of Commerce and Agriculture, that the prospects of the next harvest were extremely promising. Notwithstanding this prospect, the markets continue to rise in various parts of France.

The account of an investment by the Emperor of Russia in the English funds, has produced a great sensation in Paris. It has deprived the recent investment in the French funds of its character of exclusive friendship to the French government.

Among the passengers of the Hibernia is the Countess of Elgin.

A Barcelone date of the 30th May, states that the Mexican privateer Unico, of Vera Cruz, carrying one gun and 53 men, had captured in the waters of Africa, and brought into Barcelone, the American ship Carmelita, 198 tons, Capt. Edwin Littlefield, bound from Ponce, P. R., with coffee to Trieste.

Departure of the Countess of Elgin.—Among the passengers which sail in the Hibernia to-day is the Right Honorable the Countess of Elgin. She proceeds at once to Montreal, to join her noble husband, the Governor-General of Canada.

Scarcity of Food.—The following order has been issued by the Lord Steward of the Queen's household :—Her Majesty having taken into consideration the high price of provisions and especially bread stuffs, has been graciously pleased to command that from the date of this, 2nd only of flour shall be used in her Majesty's household, and that the daily allowance of bread shall be 1lb. per head for each person dined in the palace.

Miss Cushman has been dangerously ill.

Mr. G. Vandenhoff made his first appearance, since his return from America, on the 12th ult., in his favorite character of *Hamlet*.

The accounts from Ireland are very awful. A Dublin correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, says, "There have been further tumultuous proceedings and processions of the peasantry in various parts of the country, and the military and police have been in general requisition to keep this spirit of insubordination in check. The reports of the progress of pestilence are quite disheartening, and, notwithstanding all the imports of food, and the immense extent of relief in food and money, great destitution still prevails, and the markets are advancing. All accounts concur in showing that the mortality is still very considerable."

Father Mathew is likely to be appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork.

The Duke of Argyle proposes to ship above 1000 persons from his estates in the Highlands to Canada.

The Earl of Elgin is to have the green riband vacant by the death of the Duke of Argyll.

The British Government have taken steps to send out Sir J. Richardson with his overland expedition to the North Pole.

Several plantations of coffee have been established in the Sandwich Islands, and the quality of the produce is said to go good.

The Government have resolved to reinstate Lord Dundonald in the Order of the Bath, which he so gallantly won, and of which he was so unjustly deprived.

American flour is getting largely into consumption in Lincoln, and it is said to be infinitely better than the home manufactured.

The Free Trade Association of Belgium have called a meeting of the economists of all the world, at a general congress to be held at Brussels on 16th of September next.

Several German engineers have arrived in Egypt, in order to make the necessary surveys for cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

The *Semaphore*, of Marseilles, of the 8th ult., states that the Sphinx, which arrived in that port on the preceding day, had brought letters from Malaga announcing that the French Consul there had received intelligence from the Spanish Governor of Mellilla, that Abd-el-Kader had again, through his intermediation, written to the French Government, tendering his submission.

Spain.—Recent advices from Madrid are rather interesting. On the evening of the 4th ult., the Queen, with the Infante Don Francisco de Paula and the Infanta Donna Josefa, was returning from the Prado in her carriage, and, passing the Custom-house, two detonations took place. Various conjectures were formed on the subject. According to many persons, including our correspondent, two pistols, or a double-barrelled one, were fired at her Majesty ; but these connected with the Court and Government professed to believe that it was nothing but the explosion of a couple of crackers fired by two boys. The Queen is represented by the *Tiempo* to have been so little alarmed that she would not suffer her carriage to be stopped ; but, on reaching the palace, she summoned the Ministers to her presence, and ordered an immediate inquiry into the occurrence, the result of which was the cracker version. "Yet," adds the *Tiempo*, "her Majesty ought always to have an escort when she drives out, in order that she may not be exposed to such annoyances."

Italy.—The excellent Pius IX. has added another claim to the many he already possessed on the gratitude of his subjects. He has instituted a system of national representation, in the shape of a council of delegates from the different provinces, who are to assemble in Rome, for the purpose of discussing with the Government the affairs of the administration, and aiding it in its efforts for the good of the people. This grand measure has been hailed by the good Pope's subjects with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and thankfulness.

The House of Lords has been making a painful experiment on public patience. The Irish Poor-law, having escaped the shoals and quicksands of the Lower House, was launched last week into the more aristocratic branch of the Legislature. The Irish landlords, headed by Lord Monteagle, flew at it, and so mauled and disfigured the poor thing, that when it was picked up, vitality had fled—hardly a feature could be recognized! The bill, our readers are aware, has for its subject a benevolent duty, which ought long since to have been enforced—namely, that of making the land support the poor; in other words, compelling the proprietors of the soil to contribute towards the maintenance of the paupers in proportion to their stake in the country. But this would not answer the purpose of Irish landlordism. To foster and spread disease and contagion around is the aim and end of the philanthropic lords of broad acres in green Erin. The amendment amounts to this—to try out-door relief for twelvemonth, so that by making it uncertain—giving it an ephemeral trial instead of a fair chance of working permanently—it may be the more readily obstructed and defeated. A direct negative would have been far more straightforward and honorable. The cloven foot of selfishness is too visible—too palpable; and cunning ingenuity has not even the merit of coming to the aid of cold-heartedness in carrying out the design. Political consequences of the highest importance are involved in this move of the refractory peers. Already the Ministry are putting their houses in order preparatory to a dissolution; and, as a set off against the cruel injury inflicted upon the Irish Poor-law bill, the Government has stopped the bill for advancing three quarters of a million of money to three needy Irish railways—a just and spirited retribution under the circumstances, seeing that the bulk of the money would ultimately reach the purses of the landlords.

The House of Lords, on the bringing up of the report, has had the good sense to rescind Lord Monteagle's amendment, which limited the Irish Poor-law to a brief existence.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is dead. Lord Besborough, since the time that he assumed the office, has won golden opinions, which he has not been destined to enjoy. Of all offices under the British crown, this is the most trying and the most thankless. There is really little practical utility in maintaining the representative of majesty in state in Dublin; a bad imitation of, in fact a kind of living satire on, monarchy in England—for, virtually, all the onerous duties appertaining to the situation are chalked out, if not carried into effect, in the Home Secretary's bureau, in Downing-street. Its abolition would be a benefit; for it would make the distinction of political favors less a matter of toadyism to the great man for the time being in Dublin Castle that it is at present. This Lord Lieutenantcy is, moreover, a badge of conquest; for the extinction of which, if the Young Irelanders had any practical patriotism, or personal respect, they would boldly insist.

* It is due to the late distinguished nobleman to say, that he has displayed great firmness of character, a high grasp of intellect, and most commendable industry, since he assumed power across the channel—by the way, one of the most trying periods in the history of poor bleeding Ireland's misfortunes. He expired at his official residence on Sunday night.

The Pope.—I was told that the pope is beloved and admired by the lay population of Rome, but detested by the clergy. He must have been elected by the College of Cardinals in ignorance of his opinions, for it is certain that he is thwarted by them at every step, and report states that among the high officials of all classes who fill his court, there is only one, or, at most, two men on whose steady support he can reckon. Harvey found that a new truth backed by demonstration, but at variance with established errors could not find admission into the mind of any physician above the age of forty. New doctrines are still as unpalatable to the aged as in Harvey's days, and we may guess what opposition a *reformer* placed in St. Peter's chair will encounter from a conclave of priests educated in the hatred and dread of innovation, and whose ages may average sixty. It will require an extraordinary combination of firmness and practical wisdom, with a conscientious devotion to the high and holy cause in which he is embarked, to carry Pius IX. successfully through his Herculean task.

In Naples, I am told, there is a tacit agreement among the clergy never to mention his name. . . . No weak man, no hypocrite, no lover of his ease—no man, in truth, who was not actuated by a high sense of duty, and valued the approval of his own conscience above the praise of men—would sacrifice the good opinion of his own class as Pius IX. has done, and enter on a course so full of difficulties and dangers.—*Letter in the Scotsman.*

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

Office of Ordnance, May 3.—Royal Regt. of Artillery—Sec. Capt. F. Wodehouse to be Capt. vice A. H. Frazer, retired on full-pay; First Lieut. C. L D'Aguilar to be Sec. Capt. vice Wodehouse; Sec. Lieut. L. Martineau to be First Lieut. vice D'Aguilar.

Corps of Royal Engineers—First Lieut. G. Bent to be Sec. Capt. vice Downes, dec.; Sec. Lieut. C. H. Sedley to be First Lieut. vice Bent; First Lieut. E. Y. W. Henderson to be Sec. Capt. vice Reynolds, retired on half-pay; Sec. Lieut. W. F. Lambert to be First Lieut. vice Henderson.

Ordnance Medical Department—Assist.-Surg. J. A. Lawson, M. D., to be Surgeon.

War Office, May 7.—10th Light Drags.—Capt. R. Pattinson, from the 16th Light Drags. to be Capt. vice Townley, who exchanges. 11th Light Drags.—Paymaster W. Houghton, from 87th Foot, to be Paymaster, vice Bedford, who exchanges. 15th Light Drags—Regimental Serg. Major G. Ellis, from 4th Light Drags. to be cornet, without purchase, vice Miller, promoted. 16th Light Drags.—Capt. R. G. Townley, from 10th Light Drags. to be Capt. vice Pattinson, who exchanges; Lieut. T. Pattle to be Capt. by purchase, vice Reynolds, who retires; Cornet W. S. Lockhart, to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Pattle; T. W. White, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Lockhart. 17th Light Drags.—Lieut. C. W. Miles to be Capt. by purchase, vice Scobell, who retires; Cornet J. C. W. Russell to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Miles; A. Campbell, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Russell. 2d Regiment of Foot—Lieut. Richard Hill Rocke, from 78th Foot, to be Lieut. vice Reed, who exchanges. 10th Foot—Major S. Montizambert, from the 62d Foot, to be Major, vice Goode, who exchanges; Lieutenant J. M. W. Ensor, from the 39th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Emerson, who exchanges. 39th Foot—Lieut. W. H. Emerson, from the 10th Foot, to be Lieut. vice Ensor, who exchanges. 4th Foot—Capt. J. Davis, from half-pay Unatt. to be Capt. vice Brev. Major J. Gray who exchanges; Lt. W. A. Fyers to be Capt. by pur. v. Davis who retires; ens. R. S. Payne to be Lieut. by pur. vice Fyers. R. Hare Gent, to be Ensign by purchase vice Payne. 43d Foot—Lieut. G. L. Proby (who was superseded on the 19th Feb. 1847) has been reinstated in his rank. 62d Ft. Major W. H. Gode from 10th Ft, to be Maj. v. Montizambert, who

exchs. 65th Ft. Lt. Chas. Philip O'Connel, from 51st Ft. to be Lt. v. Blake app. to Royal Canadian Rifle Regt. 68th Ft. Lt. A. Tapping to be Capt. by pur. v. Cross who rets; ens. H. G. R. Carmichael to be Lt. by pur. v. Tipping; W. H. Seymour gent. to be ens. by pur. v. Carmichael. 78th Ft. Lt. T. J. D. Reed, from 2d Ft. to be Lieut. v. Rocke who exchs. 80th Ft. Brevet Major C. Lewis, to be Maj. without pur. v. Nunn deed; Lt. H. A. Welman to be Capt. v. Lewis. 87th Ft. Paym. W. D. Bedford from 11th Lt Drags. to be Paym. v. Houghton who exchs. 88th Ft. W. J. Harrison gent. to be ens. by pur. 91st Ft. Quarterm. J. Forbes from h.p. 92d Ft. to be Quarterm. v. Gordon app. Adj't. 95th Ft. Ens. L. Frazer to be Lt. by pur. v. Taylor who rets; Anthony Morgan gent. to be ens. by pur. v. Frazer. Rifle Brig. Lt. H. Hardings to be Capt. by pur. v. Hale who rets; Sec. Lt. J. C. Nicholl, to be First Lt. by pur. v. Hardinge; R. Baillie gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Nicholl. Ceylon Rifle Regt. Ens. F. G. Syms from 3d Ft. to be First Lt. without pur. v. Bagenall app. Adj't.; Lt. W. Bagenall to be Adj't. Brevet. Capt. J. Davis of 40th Ft. to be Maj. in the army; Capt. R. Wolfe on h.p., as Sub-Inspector of militia, in the Ionian Is. Comdt. of Robben Is., Cape Good Hope, to be Maj. in the Army. Unat.—Lt. W. Graham from Adj't. of a Recruiting District to be Capt. without pur. Staff—Lt. B. H. Edwards from h.p. unat. to be Adj't. of a Recruiting District v. Graham prom.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, MAY 8.—Royal Regt. of Artillery.—Gentlemen Cadets to be Second Lieuts.: H. P. Yates, vice Anson, promoted; M. F. Ferris, vice Gordon, promoted; H. A. Thrupp, vice Stubbs, promoted; C. E. Mainwaring, v. Boothby, promoted; A. Gordon, vice Lovel, promoted; W. J. Williams, vice J. F. E. Travers, promoted; C. F. Young, vice Gage, promoted; S. Freeing, vice Bayly, promoted; O. R. Stokes, vice Barstow, promoted; J. F. Pennycuick, vice Leslie, promoted; W. J. Grimstone, vice Archdale, promoted; W. D. Guille, vice Wright, promoted; C. E. Oldershaw vice Taring, promoted; N. O. S. Turner, vice W. M. King promoted.

Corps of Royal Engineers—Gentlemen Cadets to be Second Lieuts.: R. H. Stotherd, vice Tilly, promoted; W. H. Noble, vice Stanton, promoted; H. Schaw, vice Chesney, promoted; E. N. Heygate, vice De Moleyns, promoted; G. H. Gordon vice Armit promoted; A. J. Clerke, vice Ewart, promoted; C. A. Rice, vice Nugent, promoted; C. J. Fowler, vice Belfast promoted.

WAR OFFICE.—May 14—2d Drag. Guards—Lieut. C. E. Walter, from the 6th Drag Guards, to be Lieut. vice Carter, who exchanges—6th Drag. Guards. Lieut. V. Carter from the 2d Drag Gds, to be Lieut. v. Walker, who exchs. 1st Regt. of Foot—Ensign R. G. Coles to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Gordon, who retires; C. B. Fenwick, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Coles. 3d Foot Capt. the Hon. C. W. S. Jerningham, from half pay Unatt. to be Capt. vice J. T. Liston who exchanges; Lieut. C. W. Green, to be Capt. by purchase, vice Jerningham, who retires; Ensign R. G. A. Luard, to be Lieut. by pur. vice Green; J. Lewis, Gent. to be Ensign, by pur. vice Luard; S. Ramadge, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Syms, promoted in the Ceylon Rifle Regt. 5th Foot—Lieut. J. H. Chads, from the 57th Foot, to be Lieut. vice Manro, who exchanges. 21st Foot—Lieut. A. Andrews, to the Capt. without purchase, vice King who retires upon full pay: Second Lieut. P. C. Deare, to be First Lieut. vice Andrews; J. T. Dalyell, Gent. to be Second Lieut. vice Deare. 36th Ft.—J. J. Beck, Gent. to be ens. without pur. v. Low who resigns. 40th Ft.—to be Capts. by pur.: Lt. J. W. Thomas, v. Smith, who rets; Lt. R. Carey, v. Seymour, who rets. To be Lts. by pur.: Ensign H. T. F. White, v. Thomas; Ens. R. J. L. Coore, v. Carey. To be Ens. by pur.: R. P. Hibbert, Gent. v. White; T. W. Gardiner, Gent. v. Coore. To be Adj't.—Lt. S. Snelling, v. Thomas pro. 41st Ft.—Ens. F. G. H. G. Williams, to be Lt. by pur. v. Neville, who rets; C. Y. Bulguy, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Williams. 57th Ft.—Lt. H. Monro, from the 5th Ft., to be Lt. v. Chads, who exchs. 68th Ft.—Lt. W. H. H. Carmichael to be Capt. by pur. v. Rhodes, who rets; Ens. G. H. Alington, to be Lt. by pur. v. Carmichael; C. S. Nichol, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Alington. 69th Ft.—Capt. W. M'Inroy, from half-pay Unatt. to be Capt. v. J. H. Purves, who exchs.; Lt. P. Fenwick, to be Capt. by pur. v. M'Inroy, who rets; Ens. T. Harvey, to be Lt. by pur. v. Fenwick; E. H. Paske, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Harvey. 70th Ft.—Lt. A. J. O. Ratherfurk, to be Adj't v. Alms, promoted. 74th Ft.—Lt. F. W. L. Hancock, to be Capt. without pur. v. Campbell, who rets upon full-pay. *Rifle Brigade*—Lt. the Hon. R. Charteris to be Capt. by purchase, v. Reyard, who rets; Second Lt. W. C. Colville, to be First Lt. by purchase, v. Charteris; F. W. Balfour, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Colville. 2d West India Regt.—A. Robertson, Esq. to be Paymaster. 3d West India Regt.—Lt.-Col. A. Maclean, from half-pay Unatt. to be Lt. Col. v. C. H. Doyle, who exchanges.—*Royal Newfoundland Companies*—Lt. A. Menzies, from half-pay 3d Ft., to be Lt. v. Hunt, promoted. *Unattached*—Major A. M'Lean, from 3d West India Regt. to be Lt.-Colonel, without pur. Brevet—Capt. the Hon. C. W. S. Jerningham, of the 3d Ft., to be Major in the Army; Capt. W. M'Inroy, of 69th Ft. to be Major in the Army.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

CAPTURE OF PUEBLA.

By the steam ship Palmetto at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, we have advices from the latter port to the 22d May.

General Worth entered Puebla on the afternoon of the 15th May, after a skirmish with a party of Lancers sent out to oppose his advance. Four Mexicans were killed; no Americans.

Santa Anna had been in the city a moment before our troops entered, but left and pushed on towards the capitol.

It was reported that General Valencia was between Puebla and the Capital, at the head of fourteen thousand men, to resist the farther advance of our army.

The result of the Presidential election was not known. Santa Anna, Elesiga, and Herrera were among the candidates.

Santa Anna is said to have had considerable force with him when he passed through Puebla, variously estimated, from fifteen hundred to ten thousand.

An Extra Picayune issued on the afternoon of the 27th ult., contains correspondence from Kendall at Jalapa, up to noon of the 21st. All was quiet at Puebla; the people appeared satisfied under the presence of Gen. Worth. Reports state that Santa Anna halted at San Martin, 28 miles from Puebla, but it was not generally conceded that the main force of twelve thousand men at Rio Frio were preparing for another engagement at that naturally strong point. It is also stated that fifteen battalions of the National Guard were being thoroughly organized at the capital, and another hard fight was considered by many certain. It was rumored that Gen. Worth was in pursuit of Santa Anna, beyond Puebla. Mr. Trist was still at Jalapa, the object of his mission kept secret. The train from Vera Cruz under the escort of Captain Walker, had arrived. Gen. Shields had suffered an attack of pleurisy, but was recovering.

OUR NEW PLATE.

Our magnificent new plate is almost complete. We have just had a proof from the artist. It is a portrait at full length of the immortal, although ex-minister SIR ROBERT PEEL, and as a work of art, we may venture to say that it has not an equal from the hands of an engraver on this continent. The plate is 27 by 18 inches in dimension, and the engraved part is about 24 by 16 inches. It is the compound effect of mezzotint, stippling, and line, which in modern works is so very greatly admired, and is executed by Doney, who, in such matters is considered one of the first among the first.

Before we issue this plate, we intend to prepare a written sketch of the great man.

Notice.—Some of the Southern towns in our list have not yet been served with the "Army and Navy," our last gift to subscribers. This has happened to those where an agent has not lately been. But they will be forwarded when they can be so safely, or if any of the subscribers in those places should happen now, or shortly, to be in this city, if they will please to call here, we shall be happy to forward the plates through their means.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 7 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1847.

On Tuesday last, the Washington steamer took her departure for Europe, being the first trans-Atlantic steamer built on this side of the ocean. She took upwards of 120 passengers this first time, the greater part of whom were either foreigners or persons dwelling at some distance from New York. It is presumed by many that she will reach Southampton in ten days and Bremen in less than a fortnight, and we hear that many very heavy bets—we regret that fashion—are laid upon her. The sound and lower bay were gay with shipping and steamers on this occasion, some of the latter went outside the Hook to attend her fairly into the offing.

Indeed, the first of June seems to have been completely a national gala day, for on the same day happened a trial of speed between the Oregon and the Vanderbilt, which took place in the North River to a boat moored off Sing-Sing, the whole run being nearly eighty miles, and was won by the former, which came in about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Vanderbilt.

The latter is a new boat, which was to be accepted by its present owner, if she came up to circumstances—which this trial was to prove—and this trial was so much to satisfaction that the bargain was immediately concluded. The desire of being light was so great that the Oregon was out of fuel before her voyage was over, and the bulk head, tables, chairs, &c., had to be broken up and burned in order to bring her home with success. There was also a yacht sailing on this day, and the fine steamer Southerner came in on this day, so that altogether it was an exciting scene on the water.

In the Washington are gone the Signors Sanquirico and Patti, who intend to make arrangements for a brilliant operatic season this winter. They well need to do so, for it is probable that the requirements of that kind will be much augmented before they get back.

There is not anything new of consequence upon the Mexican war; the generals of the American forces have a better trouble just now in fitting their own soldiers into discipline, instead of the volunteers whose time is up, and who are coming home, "to turn their swords into pruning hooks;" but it is evident that the United States will have the power to dictate terms of peace to Mexico, and we trust that whenever that time shall arrive the victorious republic will rather feel inclined to make the other friends, than to share with them the rights of fellow-citizenship, or in other words to join them in the Union, which is now quite large enough to be well managed.

While writing the above, news has arrived that Gen. Scott is sick at Jalapa, that in a guerilla affair, a booty of \$60,000 is obtained by the Mexicans, that Gen. Taylor had been wounded, that a Mexican bishop has given \$50,000 towards prosecuting the war, that recruits to the Mexican army are in augmentation, and that affairs wear a more beligerent aspect there than they have done. This seems to be a glimmering of the candle, and that the light will not be put out without some struggle, but all this is now too late for Mexico, even if it all be true.

Cigars.—One of the greatest luxuries of this city is a good cigar, and we shall be hardly be more sincerely thanked by our readers than by pointing out to them a right place to go to where a good cigar may be obtained. Though not a consumer of that article ourself, we have reason to believe we are right that at Mr. Max Rader's, 46 Chatham st., they may surely be found, for many of our friends remark to that effect.

Flowers.—Our never-failing friend, Mr. Laird, should not be forgotten by us at this period of the year, when bouquets, wreaths, and flower collections begin to be in request. This florist has removed to the Bloomingdale road (see his advertisements) and is about 30th street, and there we confidently say the fashionable may be well, tastefully, and with great variety supplied with floral sweets at any time, very punctually, and very prettily put up.

A Domestic Pest Cured.—We cannot do better than keep our readers in mind that in the beginning of summer is the time to clear each house of those hateful vermin which infest the bedsteads and furniture, and that Dr. Feuchtwanger of Liberty street has invented an article, which though perfectly inoffensive and without danger to human beings, is the best mode of ridding the house of the pest to which we allude. It has been well tried in our own house, and we know its efficacy.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

We were a little taken by surprise upon reading in one of the morning papers on Wednesday, an announcement that a grand match was to take place on the St. George's Club Ground that day, between two very distinguished elevens. It proved, however, only a determination to make up a practice of the first two elevens that should come upon the ground that day; and, with the aid of two or three strangers, members of other clubs, a set was made up by about twelve o'clock. But as the sides were, as it happened, somewhat unequally pitted, and one turned out so much stronger than the other, that the winning party got more in one Innings than the other in two; we shall not give the details, particularly as it was no match after all, but we were glad to see a few of the old hands there, handling the bat and ball in good style, and gave some earnest that the soul of Cricket is still amongst them.

On Monday next the New York Club will have a grand contest, on their ground at Hoboken, in which eleven married and eleven single will struggle for the victory. This will probably be well worth witnessing, particularly as the Club itself is improving much, and getting in more and more strength of play, and the grounds of that fascinating place, Hoboken and the Elysian Fields, are themselves an additional stimulus to strangers to go, as the play ground is quite contiguous to the walks of that very delightful spot. The wickets will be pitched at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Fine Arts.

We would under this head notice briefly a publication, which we very much admire. It is called "The American Drawing Book," and is the work of Mr. Chapman, N.A., of the Academy of Fine Arts, of this city, and is very neatly published in 4 to 6 by J. I. Redfield, of Clinton Hall. We have frequently lamented that there is a deficiency in the drawing tuition of this city, and here the author is endeavoring, we think very successfully, to make this publication at once useful to the teacher or to any student in drawing. He begins at the fountain-head of the practice; his instructions are so plain and his diagrams are so simple, that any one may put them in practice, and he would almost be rendering the teacher's duty unnecessary. He well points out its advantages, whether as an accomplishment or as a useful art, and the book is in every way practical easy, and both good and cheap. It is well recommended even by those whose interests would at first be thought against its appearance, and it is really what the title page says of it; it is "A Manual for the Amateur, and basis of study for the professional artist; especially adapted to the use of public and private schools, as well as home instruction." We hail the appearance of this book, and the fine and the ornamental arts are indebted to him. The work is published in numbers, price 50 cents each, and the first is all that is yet out. The idea of the author is well expressed in the margin he has subjoined: "Any one who can learn to write, can learn to draw."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

16. *Capt. Geo. Morris, U.S.A.*—By Ed. H. May.—This is a fine artistically done portrait. There is a noble forehead in the subject expressive of command, and the picture is quite, we are sure, as good as the likeness.

211. *Portrait of a Lady.*—By J. H. Lazarus.—We cannot say anything of the portrait, but the fur of her dress, her hair, and her drapery, are very well indeed, and make it what is always admirable—a good portrait.

183. *The Horse Fair.*—By William Brown.—The painter appears to understand the good points of a horse, and his gray and his bay are well painted animals: as also are the expressions of the faces among the buyers and sellers in the sale yard.

Edinburgh—From Author's Seat.—By R. Hinckelwood.—This is done in India Ink, and from the very rarity with which we now see this kind of exhibition, we like it most. But it has far better claims than partiality to the style; it is soft, very faithful, and expressive, and we venture to say that it is competent to move the heart of any one who has seen the original view from about the same point.

373. *Perspective view of the design of Wells and Arnot for the Smithsonian Institute.*—By D. H. Arnot.—This is very pretty, and the edifice, as shown in the drawing, is very imposing; but in order to judge of its real merit as a piece of architecture, it should be accompanied (as these things are in European exhibitions) with drawings of the plans, the floors, the arrangements internally, and all those thousand little matters that must necessarily come into consideration when such specimens are brought under general attention.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Mr. Loder's Concert.—On Thursday evening May 27th last, Mr. Loder gave his concert at the Apollo Rooms, and had a very good company, chiefly of *dilettanti*. The entertainments were Felicien David's "Dessert," a concerto of Hummel's on piano forte, played by Mr. G. Bristow, and a concert overture composed by Mr. Loder himself. Of the first we would say that as music it was very pleasing, nay, very striking in the way of its harmonies and recitations. But as an overture to Romeo and Juliet, we do not remember that either the plot or a single idea of the play was called up by the overture. Of the last by Mr. Loder, we are likewise ready to say that it was good as music, but what was it about. An overture is an introduction to something, and a concert-overture should be a preparation of something which is to follow. Now this was played last, and it was not an epitome even of what had been played. It contains many

very fine passages, but they meant nothing, and the author might wander as he pleased for the composition alluded to nothing. It was nearest to a good movement in a sinfonia, but a sinfonia has a story. The words concert overture have somehow found their way into the nomenclature of instrumental composition, and the world is mystified by the term. We have no objection to make one in crying it down. Let words and things agree together.

Mr. G. Bristow's performance of the Hummel in A flat, was very well indeed, as well as we expected in this promising young man, and indeed whosoever plays Hummel well, need not be afraid to play beside a De Meyer or a Herz, no matter for the pretensions of the latter. Mr. Bristow, if he had a fair opportunity, would become, we think, one of the first artists of his day; and we wish most heartily that some of the liberal and rich, would so far take him by the hand that he could be able to foster his talents in the way that will one day shew them to the best advantage.

The main performance of this annual concert was "the Desert," a composition which is but little known yet on this continent, but which the oftener it is heard the more it is admired, and the musical public are under great obligations to Loder for having produced it with such care and attention, as at once to make it well known and appreciated by all who witness its performance. The composer has not had his share of public patronage, having rather composed from his feelings, than from regard to any fashionable school of his time, and on this occasion has endeavoured to give a musical expression to the feelings which were his when he crossed the Eastern Desert. He described his sensations to a friend who embodied them in a poem, and he put them also into harmony which is delicious beyond description.

The reading of the parts of this poem is one of the duties of performance, as the musical expression is about to be played, and on former occasions we have had much pleasure in hearing them read by Mr. Paige, who also sang the tenor roles; upon this occasion it was first read through by Mr. Hows, and afterwards in parts by him, as the music occurred. The tenor solo were sung by Mr. J. Pierson, who had a very sweet and free tone, but whose volume was weak, and he did not seem to understand how to manage his singing.

Mr. Hows is a generally good reader, and is professor of Elocution in Columbia College. But we will take the liberty of saying that he did not perform that duty in his usual taste. The modes of reading are at least three-fold, from the pulpit, from the stage, or as a private reader. This last should have been the prevailing style at the reading to which we allude, and not the inflated, apparently solemn manner which was chosen for the then reading. The poem is descriptive of the writer's feelings. The audience were far more intent on the music, and the reader should have been more desirous of giving the words as an explanation of the forthcoming music, than of the grand style, too common in the reading of professors in general, and which was that evening either lost or irksome.

The night's performance, on the whole, gave great pleasure, and the following description which was in the bills of the early performances in New York of this beautiful composition, will give some idea to those who have not yet heard it of the current of ideas which was running in Felicien David's mind thereon

DESCRIPTION OF LE DESERT.

Part First.—The Desert is stretched before the eye in all its sublimity of vastness, solitude and barrenness. This silence is universal and all-pervading. No sign of vitality is in the air or on the earth; it is as though the Angel of Death had stopped in its flight, and had swept away every vestige of Life from the face of the earth, forever. The contemplation of such a picture as this, gives a key to the opening idea of the Ode-Symphony.

The silence of the place is indicated in the Orchestra by long and measured uni-sonorously chords. Then follows a recited reflection—a seeming reflex of the reader's thought.

—The dreary sounds are still heard in dim, mysterious breathings, as Thought shadows forth the feelings of the awed and wondering soul. Then the Deserts bursts forth in a song of praise to the glorification of Allah! The dreary monotony of the scene is now broken by the appearance of the Caravan.

The march of the Caravan is now heard but very faintly in the distance; it increases in sound until it bursts upon the ear with immense power, and the travellers are heard singing hopefully; but a sound is heard; a mighty and a rushing sound, and in the distance vast columns of sand, like the pillars of some huge temple, are seen rapidly advancing; the travellers see their danger, and cry aloud.—The camels, with the strong instinct of their nature kneel down at once, and bury their heads deep in the sand, and the despairing travellers covering their faces with their mantles, bury themselves also. The hot blast, with clouds of sand upon its breath, passes over them, but they escape unharmed. With grateful and rejoicing hearts they go on their way, singing. The onward march closes the first scene of the Life in the Desert.

Part Second.—It is night. The Caravan has halted and the fervid heat of the day has yielded to a refreshing coolness.

Star after star shines forth, until the heavens blaze with resplendent light. Moved by the spirit of the scene, the *Hymn to Night* is sung; the song breathes the very essence of delicious, dreamy and calm enjoyment. It is a beautiful expression of grateful feeling, and goes right to the heart at once. The scene now assumes a more lively appearance. The travellers congregate together, and seated on their carpets, they smoke the sociable chybouk, and listen in luxurious languor to the Arabic Fantasia, which, with its quaint and striking peculiarities imparts a strong oriental character to the scene.

The *Dance of the Almées*, with its light, graceful and fascinating character adds much to the air of enchantment which pervades every thing.

Excited and inspirited by the contrast which the delights of the evening present to the toils and the dangers of the day, the stout-hearted pilgrims sing their song in praise of the *Liberty of the Desert*.

But night is creeping on, and with the earliest dawn the travellers must be on their way. One by one they sink into a grateful repose, leaving but one lone watcher, who with restless heart but weary eyes, muses on one "whose heart he knows." Sleep closes every eye.

Part Third.—The Orchestra describes the rising of the sun, and with such

fidelity is the idea worked out by the Composer, that the hearer can trace at once, the break of dawn, the gradual dispersion of the clouds, and the cold faint light, insensibly yielding to a warmer tint, until at last the monarch of the day bursts forth in all his majesty. As the sun appears, the Muezzim, whose office it is to call the faithful to prayer, commences his chant. The chant is one of the most attractive features in the composition. Its peculiarities are so striking and remarkable, its melody so quaint and pleasing, that its repetition is always demanded. The Muezzim's call to prayer, is always heard from the minarets of the mosques in all the cities of the East. These are heard the Jewish priest chant in their Tabernacles, will be able to appreciate the faithful representation of the Muezzim's call.

After the prayer, all is bustle, confusion and animation. The caravan resumes its march. The sounds grow fainter by degrees, until they die away as the caravan disappears in the distance. And once again is heard the voice of the Desert singing its song of glorification to Allah!

Thus ends one of the most gorgeous musical poems in the whole range of music. Its originality has taken the world by surprise, and has placed the Composer name among the greatest writers of the age.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The week, ending Saturday last, was one of benefits, which argues the approach of the season's termination at this establishment, and Mrs. Mason has played an engagement of four nights this week here, closing last night with a complimentary benefit to herself, under the auspices of a highly respectable and influential committee, but of which we cannot say anything of the result until our next, but certainly the compliment did credit to their own judgment and was well deserved by the lady. She has indeed wonderfully improved in her profession, and will be in the end, not only an ornament to the stage, but her country will be, as it is already, properly proud of her. But her rôle is rather genteel comedy than the walks of deep and passionate tragedy; the latter is a department we are sorry to perceive growing somewhat scarce, in perfection on the stage. We may as well here express our hope that, in the next season, and thereafter, stars will be less in the ascendant in the Metropolitan theatre of America, and that it will be a point to have at hand a *good stock company*. Therein will the true interests of the drama be best served, for thereby will the best pieces be most effectually played, instead of the mode, as of late, of a few principal parts tolerably and the rest poorly; and a few of questionable excellence getting high gains, while the many are even being discouraged to arrive at excellence. As Shakspeare says,—"Oh! Reform it altogether," and it will best pay, at last, the manager, the actors, the public, and the general taste.

Bouery Theatre.—On Tuesday evening we again witnessed at this house the performance of Miss Wemyss as Pauline, which was well done for a novice, and gave much promise that when she shall have become familiar with the stage and with stage business, she will be a good actress. Her intonation is very clear, her emphasis good, and she seems to be well educated in her reading. There was nothing new in the points of her acting, but if she be clever, she may come out therein when she is more the mistress of herself and her judgment. We got disappointed in Mr. Neafie. His pronunciation is bad in words where the *a* should be sounded, like that letter in "name," "say," &c., are completely like the *e* long; his tones, his style, and the whole of his playing Claude Melno'te are those of Forrest, only his speaking is not quite so harsh upon the ear as those of his great model. There is one actor who does everything well here; we mean Mr. Vache, who is a gentlemanly actor always, he treads the stage well, he understands his part well, and we must say that we like his acting at all times. He dresses well, and his Col. Damas was a soldier-gentleman.

Chatham Theatre.—They do wrong here to get up the legitimate drama, such as Romeo and Juliet, for they have not the strength to do it well, and Spectacle will sufficiently answer their purpose as a representation. It is very well for once in a while, when a favorite like Mrs. G. Jones is taking her farewell benefit. This is a clever woman, and has for some years made a tolerable run in the United States; she is now going to Europe, where we shall be glad to hear of her also succeeding; and she took her farewell on Wednesday evening at this house, as Romeo, which she can play well.

Literary Notices.

We find on our book table a few works, this morning, which are of some interest and some importance, and we much regret that their arrival is later than we could wish, or than the sale interests of the publishers deserve, as we should like to (and may) take more time over them than present circumstances will admit.

Life of Edmond Kean.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—This piece of biography is said to be from the pen of Proctor, (better known as Barry Cornwall) but the name is not appended to the title-page of the book. It is instructive, in a moral point of view; it takes a very circumstantial range of his career, and it is a great draw-back on the education and what is thought the necessary qualification of the actor. It has been till now the maxim that exclusively "Pata nascitur non fit," we may now occasionally add the actor to the poet, for we find that this remarkable man was not only begot, born, and bred in the most exceptionable manner, but that up to the hour when he became the wonder of the world, he was an uneducated man, save in the book of nature, the science of the world and its movements, and was possessed of a spirit and constitution which, when he had occasion to draw upon them, were found to yield all that was necessary for his purposes. This man's early and prolonged struggles in the world had fallen in with many and much of variety of characters, and was enabled to pourtray many of the most impassioned and the finest

feelings, when it came to his opportunity to do so; but like actors, generally, he was not able to give, well, such as did not fall in with his own idiosyncrasies, and though in some characters he was unequalled, there were some he could not reach. But the biographer has made a historical blunder in his remarks, at which we are surprised, and we are still more so that it was never pointed out to him in time. He says, alluding to Kean's Richard II., "who was necessarily the tool of De Spencer and Gaveston, and the victim of his wife and the ambitious Bolingbroke," &c. Surely the biographer must have been in some hallucination when he wrote this, for the tool of Gaveston and the Spencers, (for that is the proper succession of the parties to favor) was the miserable Edward II., the great grandfather of the Richard II., and he (Edward II.) was a victim of *his* queen, but not of any Bolingbroke. The book itself is of pretension to smartness, rather pert, but in style good enough for its subject. It will be much read, and is really very interesting.

Marriage.—By Miss Ferrier.—New York : Harper & Brothers.—We had the good fortune to read this novel immediately after its first appearance in print, and were much in admiration of the spirit which it kept up in its dialogues and descriptions, and in the introduction of characters which do not often figure in novels. Very much were we pleased that our judgment harmonised with that of one which had been the cause of much humiliation to us, if it had been much different. It was Sir Walter Scott who at the end of his series called "Tales of my Landlord," has a recommendation of this book, which it well deserves, and which has done more, far more, than we can hope to do, in speaking well of it. He says, "I retire from the field, conscious that there remains behind not only a large harvest, but laborers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late discovered talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, he would mention, in particular, the author of a very lively work, entitled 'Marriage.'"

Association Discussed.—By H. Greeley and J. Raymond.—New York : Harpers.—This is a collection which has from time to time appeared in the Courier and Enquirer and in the Tribune. They have caused some interest to many readers, and they are here brought together. They will sell, which now-a-days is something; but though the unreflecting may take up their sides as may please their prejudices, we venture to say that neither side will raise its advocate in the opinions of the wise, reflecting, and logical, for the writers themselves jump at their conclusions, and are disposed to disregard what does not immediately tell on each one's own side of the controversy,—we had almost said argument, but we think each is deficient in this point, and either side is hardly worth the controversy. We may *prima facie* suppose that Greeley has not put forth this pamphlet, because the sub-title says, "Or The Socialism of the Tribune examined."

Architect. No. 6.—By W. H. Ranlett.—New York : Graham.—The present excellent number of this second volume contains "Indian Style," which is a pretty fancy style of cottage, and is, as usual, a good number. The work itself is calculated for that, for which there is room enough—improvement in the taste of building private residences, and economy in the manner of going through the operation.

Macbeth.—New York : Berford & Co., late Taylor's.—This is, we need hardly say, a play of Shakespeare; but it is intended to form part of that series which we have often noticed, called "The Acted Drama." The Editor has hardly taken notice of the present edition as it deserves, considering the liberties taken by the stage, with the acted plays of the bard. But it is a neat thing, and just, and as the play is now put forth.

The Literary World. No. 17.—This work is making good progress in the opinion of literary people, and indeed how should it fail, it being now editorially in the hands of Mr. Charles F. Hoffman? It will shortly render in a measure, unnecessary; the English weeklies called "The Literary Gazette," and "The Athenaeum," as the criticisms on this work are so good, generally, the subjects chiefly American production, and there being so large a proportion of American literary news. But the Editor, this week, has made an ungracious compliment to the English "Punch," where he calls it "The English Yankeedoodle," for that satirical work is original, and the other would every way more properly be called "The American Punch."

Dr. Schmitz's History of Rome.—Harper & Brothers have just issued this important and long-promised work, in a beautiful duodecimo of nearly 600 pages, and at a price that places so valuable a manual within the reach of all. Dr. Schmitz has in this new history, which is primarily designed for schools, condensed all the essential improvements and emendations that modern investigation of German scholarship have educated. A compendious work of this kind has long been greatly needed, to displace the works hitherto in use, and which abound in exploded theories and fallacious statements,—presenting a serious obstacle to the advancement of pupils in their studies of classical history. We heartily commend this production of Dr. Schmitz to the especial attention of both private students and teachers: it strikes us as a work of unusual value and ability.

Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the Poets.—These two elegantly embellished volumes are rife with peculiar interest,—that interest which attaches to everything connected with the sons of genius. Mr. Howitt's charming sketches of the localities and lounges of the poets are characterised by all a poet's thought and glowing feeling; and we may safely add that this new production is in all respects eminently worthy of his high reputation. We need scarcely say that all lovers of good books will of course procure these volumes: and we will further add, as an inducement generally to their widest perusal, the critical opinions of one of the leading London editors:—he says,

"Every body will be glad to get familiar views of the celebrated men of the day from one who possesses opportunities of acquiring direct personal information concerning them. The energy of Mr. Howitt's style, his rapid survey of facts and characters, the clearness with which he masses the principal features of a biography, and the integrity which every where shines through his criticisms, confer a permanent interest on the book."

The Pictorial History of England.—A work every family should possess and read as it is issued from the press.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

June 3d, 1847.

On Saturday evening of last week the anxiety to hear some of the most distinguished members of the Italian Opera of your city sing for the Philharmonic Society, the concourse of people became so great that the large upper room of the Chinese Museum building was substituted for the reception of about 2500 people. De Meyer, who had arrived a few days previous, assisted, and performed in his usual manner. Sig. Barilli sang very sweetly—was encored in ali she sang, eliciting the most unbounded applause, and called forth unmeasured admiration for her surpassing beauty. Benedetti declared himself unable to sing—being out of voice—but his apologies were very coldly received. Finally, he was prevailed upon to sing in one piece, which he did very indifferently. It was evident that he was physically disabled. And is it to be wondered at? coming as they have from a sunny clime, scarcely variable for weeks and months, arriving here at the most rigorous season of the year—not at all acclimated, and necessarily being subject to exposure in the most severe weather—that they should be afflicted with much physical inconvenience.

Doctor Keil, in his anatomy, has asserted that a good voice is capable of dividing a musical note into hundred and ninety-six parts, and that a good ear can distinguish the minute difference of time. How susceptible then to slight influences must be the instrument that utters a note so delicate.

The influence of climates upon the organs of speech, and upon the dispositions and tempers of the mind, is very evident, and has produced no less variety in the utterance and expression of their several languages than upon the physical power of the organs of speech. Many influences affect the voice. The native gravity of the Spaniards it is thought, have raised their tongue in point of dignity and grandeur, by the solemnity of its movements alone, above all other languages in Europe.

Whilst upon this subject, permit me to make a brief reference to the neglect of proper ventilation in dwellings, steamboats, railcars, omnibuses, and all habitable places. The New Jersey and Philadelphia Railroad Company are constantly making very creditable additions to their line for the comfort of passengers. They now have interpreters in the French, Spanish, and German languages—gentlemen of education—to accompany the cars out for facilitating the requirements of travellers—a commodious and cleanly sitting-room is appropriated at the terminus at Jersey City for passengers; and, there is no doubt, if it were in their power to abate the brutalizing and disgusting practice of tobacco chewers spitting upon every person and thing, indiscriminately, that they would do it; but there is still an evil greater than all that requires a remedy, and that is the bad system of ventilating the cars. The windows should be permanently secured, so that they may not be opened at all, either for curiosity gazers to put their heads out at, or for the almost universal spitters. The air should only be admitted above the heads of the passengers by slats or blinds under the roofing of the cars, and not by tunnelling a column of air directly upon the chest. In that manner Mr. Benedetti contracted a hoarseness, and in that manner many a life has been summarily disposed of between New York and Washington City.

Mr. Burden, a gentleman who had acquired an enviable reputation in Chesnut Street, at Dreer's, for his polite attention to ladies and gentlemen requiring bouquets, and having a taste for floriculture, has located himself with the far-famed Mr. Thorburn, in Broadway, above Grand Street, in your city. Mr. B. will be found to be a great acquisition to that department in the trading world which requires taste and delicacy.

The Messrs. Beebe & Costar, hatters, of New York, have taken the store No. 138 Chestnut Street, near Fifth Street, where they intend, during the next month, opening the most gorgeous and expensive establishment of the kind in existence.

Yours in haste,

C. G. P.

BRITISH PROTECTIVE EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

The third annual meeting of the British Protective Emigrant Society of New York will be held at the Society rooms, No. 42 Courtland street, on Monday next, the 7th day of June, instant, at 6 o'clock in the evening. The members of the Society and the friends of Emigrants generally are invited to attend at that time and place.

June 5-11]

By order: CHAS. H. WEBB, Sup't B. P. E. Soc.

LONDON ART-UNION.

MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS; RECORD OF INDUSTRIAL ART, &c. &c. &c.

Containing, in each monthly part; TWO ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from paintings by Eminent Artists, and

UPWARDS OF FIFTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

With thirty-six quarto pages of Letter press; of great interest and utility to the Artist, the Manufacturer, the Artisan, and all lovers of Art. Price \$6 per annum, payable in advance.

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May 20-1.

EYE AND EAR.

DR. POWELL, OCULIST, AURIST, &c.

261 Broadway, cor. of Warren-st.

ATTENDS EXCLUSIVELY to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, from 9 to 4 o'clock. STRABISMUS or Squinting cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Spectacles adapted to any defect.

DR. POWELL has just published a popular Treatise on the Eye, with Engravings, \$mo., paper 50 cents, muslin 75 cents, comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organ of vision. Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of sight. Remarks on Optics and the use and abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection. To be had at the Author's, and of all Booksellers.

May 23-8m.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

These Pills cure all diseases by purifying the Blood. They give to all the organs of the body the proper amount of life necessary to their purification. They are a

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH TO ALL MANKIND,

and may be justly said to give the beauty and vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age. Can it be believed that after being before the public for ninety-one years, their sale should only now be a little rising a million of boxes per year? But so it is, and it is only to be attributed to fatal prejudice, or their sale would be at least twenty millions of boxes per year instead of only one million. Let all the sick use them—they will soon be among the healthy; let all who would secure themselves from sickness have them by them, in case of a sudden attack; for a few doses taken when the body commences to get out of order, and the benefit is secured at once. Fathers and mothers, attend to this subject; sons and daughters, attend to this subject; let all men and women ask themselves the question, whether what has stood the test of time so long does not deserve some attention.

And who is to be benefitted? Those who use the Brandreth Pills. They are the ones that receive the interest of a thousand per cent. How? In a present payment of health, of vivacity for dullness, of brightness and clearness of perception, in place of cloudiness and confusion of mind.

Brandreth's Pills are a life preserver. Those who know their qualities feel secure in their health and faculties being preserved to them to an indefinite period. They are equally good in all kinds of disease, no matter how called, because they cannot be used without taking out impurities from the blood, and perseverance will cause its perfect purification, and no disease can be present when the blood is pure.

MR. CYRUS DURAND'S LETTER.

Clintonville, New Jersey, 4th April, 1847.

Dear Sir: I have for years been subject to a sour stomach and much flatulence, especially after eating ever so light a repast. These and other symptoms of a dyspeptic nature have given me much trouble, making me occasionally very sick; in fact I for years scarcely ever was really well, and I often thought I should never have precious health again.

In this condition I commenced using your Pills, and after only a few weeks' use of them freely, I found myself much improved. I then took one pill a day for ten days, and they perfectly restored me. It is four months now since, and I have enjoyed the best possible health, having no return of acidity of stomach, or any other dyspeptic symptom whatever.—I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

CYRUS DURAND.

B. Brandreth, M. D.

Sold for 25 cents per box, with full directions, at Dr. BRANDRETH'S Principal office, 241 Broadway; also, at his retail offices, 274 Bowery and 241 Hudson street, New York; and by one agent in every city, town and village, in the United States and Canada, each of whom has a certificate of agency from Dr. Brandreth. Observe it.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,
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May 15th.-tf.

THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.
Will be Published on the 1st. June, 1847.

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISES THE Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of this manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co., Astor House, Broadway.

NOW READY,
THE MILLER OF MARTIGNE.

A ROMANCE.—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvill," "The Brothers," "Cromwell," Etc.

NEW-YORK : PUBLISHED BY RICHARD & CO., 30 ANN STREET.

This is a work of surpassing interest, and is quite equal if not superior to the "Roman Traitor" or "Marmaduke Wyvill."

March 20.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA

OR THE

MOORS UNDER PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN.

A Historical Romance from the French of
EUGENE SCRIBE.

March 20.

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16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

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April.

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THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Magnum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (Illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fitness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holden of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are invited.

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st., cor. of Gold

Oct. 3d.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA, &
Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail)

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

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2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopædia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.

3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopædia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet; when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 12mo Russia.

Feb. 21st.

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PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

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A PERUSAL OF THIS TEEATISE cannot fail to dispel all doubt in the mind of any reader of the genuine character and great importance of this discovery which has agitated France, England, and the Continent with its remarkable results. This great remedy is a light, palatable, and delicious FOOD called "Ervalenta"—a Vegetable Farina—in some respects resembling Arrow-root.

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(Purchasers must remember that there is no genuine Ervalenta but Warton's.)
March 13-3m.*

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Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

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May 1-tf.

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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ.:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Acrates or Dropsey. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Garrison:

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 23, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. J. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

(P) The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

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MRS. BAILEY, PRINCIPAL.

No. 10 Carroll Place, Bleeker-St., New York.

THE plan of this institution, which it is believed, is well known, and has been established for sixteen years, comprises a general and extensive system of instruction, and offers high advantages to Parents who may wish their daughters to receive a thorough and accomplished education. It is situated in one of the most convenient and pleasant streets in the upper part of the City of New York. The lines of omnibuses around and within the city, afford a convenient access to the various ferries, and an easy communication with any part of the surrounding country. The location of the house is eminently healthy, and within a few minutes walk of several of the finest parks in the city; it is a spacious, elegant, and commodious building, affording a large number of apartments for the lodgings, for the study, and for the recreations of the Young Ladies.

Mrs. Bailey is about to make important additions to the establishment, and will be assisted by the most efficient teachers in each department of instruction. They will include generally, from twelve to fourteen ; several of whom reside in the family, and devote their time exclusively to the benefit and instruction of the Young Ladies under their charge. The course embraces all that is necessary to a complete and accomplished education ; the Text books are selected with much care. With respect to the discipline of the mind, and the acquisition of useful knowledge, the greatest solicitude is constantly felt.

The School is divided into the Juvenile, Junior, and Senior Department. The best teachers are employed in the French Department ; this language is taught daily to all the pupils, and with the Latin, is included in the terms for English Tuition. Vocal Music, both Sacred, and Secular, is also taught throughout the School, by a distinguished Professor. Terms for Italian, Spanish, German, Drawing, Painting, Music, &c. will depend upon those of the Professors employed. Faithful and unrewarded attention is constantly given that the pupils may be thorough in every branch of study they pursue, that they form correct, intellectual, and moral habits ; that they have respectful, kind, and amiable manners.

The School is in session from the 7th of September to the 16th of July : the period being divided into four Quarters—severally commencing on the 7th of September, 23rd of November, 13th of February, and the 1st of May ; but pupils are received at any intermediate period, the proportion of the Quarter only being charged. For further particulars a line addressed to Mrs. Bailey, at her residence, will receive immediate attention.

April 3-2m.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassments ; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations ; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual addition to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly) ; it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars ; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry on this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 13-1f.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

" A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN." (EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq. George-st. Hanover-square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

Physician—J. ELLIOTSON, M.D., F.R.S.
Actuary—W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE, Esq. F.A.S.
Secretary—F. P. CAMROUX, Esq.

THIS INSTITUTION embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to life assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid ; also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

Assurances for terms of years at the lowest possible rates. Persons insured for life, can, at once, borrow half amount of annual premium for five successive years, on their own note and deposit of policy.

Part of the Capital is permanently invested in the United States, in the names of three of the Local Directors—as Trustees—available always to the assured in case of disputed claims (should any such arise) or otherwise.

The payment of premiums, half-yearly or quarterly, at a trifling advance upon the annual rate.

No charge for stamp duty. Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal, and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—The remarkable success and increased prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 88 per cent. on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS.—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq.; Jonathan Goodhue, Esq.; James Boorman, Esq.; George Barclay, Esq.; Samuel S. Howland, Esq.; Gorham A. Worth, Esq.; Samuel M. Fox, Esq.; William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

Philadelphia—Clement C. Biddle, Esq.; Louis A. Godey, Esq.; George Rex Graham, Esq.; William Jones, Esq.

Baltimore—Jonathan Meredith, Esq.; Samuel Hoffman, Esq.; Dr. J. H. McCullough; J. Leander Starr, General Agent, and Edward T. Richardson, Esq., General Accountant, for the United States and British N. A. Colonies.

Medical Examiners, New York—J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D., 110 Bleeker-st.; Alexander E. Hosack, M.D., 101 Franklin-st.; S. S. Keene, 290 Fourth-st.

Medical Examiners attend at 74 Wall-st. and No. 134 Bowery at 3 o'clock P.M. daily. Fees paid by the Society.

Standing Counsel—William Van Hook, Esq., 39 Wall-st.

Bankers—The Merchants' Bank.

Solicitor—John Hone, Esq., 11 Pine-st.

Cashier—Henry E. Cutlip, Esq.

An Act in respect to insurance for lives for the benefit of married women, passed by the Legislature of New-York, 1st April, 1840.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office.

74 Wall-st. 134 Bowery, or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent

for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

Jan. 16th

New York, 8th Jan. 1847.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties ; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOUQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird.

Ap. 20-1f.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Jly 4-1y.

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY for a superior and warranted article.

Apr 18-1f.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month :

Ships	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIUS,	A. Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 86 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 20 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDONIUS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.

My 24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILED from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month :

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Ap. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
North.	James C. Luce,	Ap. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26 Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILED from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hustleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay.	Era Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character ; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10,	10 Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20,	20, 20,
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20,
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10,	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20,	20, 20,
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20,
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10,	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore,	20, 20,	20, 20,
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20,
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10,	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20,	20, 20,

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c. are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st., or to

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the preceding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1 Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	16, 16,	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16,	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 16, 6
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey.	16, 16,	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessel in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience ; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight

GOODHUE & Co., 34 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHAL, 38 Burling-st., N. Y., or